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THE
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OR,

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NEW YORK:
BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
No. 98 WILLIAM STREET.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by
BEADLE AND COMPANY,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New York.

THE PALE-FACE SQUAW.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHILD IN THE WOODS.

A SCENE in the depths of a silent forest, near the base of the Alleghanies—a deep, dark, primeval wood, robed in green as we see it only in southern weather and in a southern climate. In an open glade in this dense wood, a man, with a child in his arms, had sunk down to rest—a man with a dark, savage face, such as men never wear unless they are full of fierce and revengeful passions.

“I can go no further,” he muttered. “Curse the brat! I have a mind to strangle it. But that I know he would rest more at ease if he knew she was dead, I would throw it into the bushes, and leave it for the next bear to feast upon.”

The man was of strong frame, clad in a rich dress, of the early colonial times. A heavy musketoon lay by his side on the ground; a long saber hung at his side, and he wore a dagger in his belt and another in the bosom of his coat. Every thing about him betokened a long and wearisome tramp through bush and brake. A thorn, in passing, had torn a long furrow in his cheek, from which the blood was trickling slowly. He put up his hand and wiped it off, looking at it savagely.

“I wish it came from his heart,” he growled. “Who would have thought that at one and twenty I should be the outcast that I am. I can not go back to Jamestown if they find it out. Spencer is terrible in anger, and I fear him. But I should have buried my dagger in his heart before I fled to the woods. Which way shall I turn? I am weary, hungry, and this young devil cries for food. If I meet the Indians, I have no power to resist them.”

He laid the child upon the turf, and rose. As he did so,

a footstep stirred the forest-leaves and he seized his gun. A form darted from the thicket and stood beside him. It was an Indian, in the picturesque costume of his race. A short tunic reached to the knee, bespangled here and there with beads of silver and glass. A quiver, filled with arrows, was slung over his shoulder, and a hatchet hung in his belt. He was young, not more than fourteen or fifteen. Seeing the attitude of the white man, he paused and fitted an arrow to the string.

"White man stop," he said, in broken English. "Me speak."

"Don't try to talk English, then," said the other. "I can speak the language of the tribes."

"What do you here?" said the boy. "A pappoose is better with its mother than in the woods. A little child like that will suffer."

"We need food," said the man, hoarsely. "If you can bring it to me here you will save us from starving."

"I am Kee-na-too, a son of the Shawnees," said the boy. "My father is a chief. I will bring you food."

He turned to go away, but the man made a rapid stride and seized him by the arm, in rather a rough manner.

"Look you, boy, do you go away to betray me? If I thought you had treachery in your heart I would cut you down where you stand. See to it."

The boy shook off his hand with a haughty gesture.

"Touch me not," he said. "Kee-na-too has said he will bring food."

"Promise that you will tell no man I am here. Wolf's cub, promise, or I will kill you."

"A man mad with hunger will say bad things," said the boy, proudly. "If it were not for that, my brother should have no food from me. I promise to go for food, and bring no one else. The child shall not suffer."

The next moment he disappeared in the bushes, and the man sat down again, glowering about him in a suspicious way. Villainy makes men cowards, and this man was conscious of a crime which would carry desolation into a once happy home. He feared that the boy had lied to him, and would come back with a band to take him. Once he snatched

up the child, and seemed about to plunge into the woods, but a second thought restrained him, and he laid the little girl down again and looked steadily into her face.

"His child," he said. "If Spencer Keller could have believed that I would do this deed, should I be living now? He has been my stumbling-block ahead through life. I curse him, body and bones. My brother! What care I? He is not the less my evil genius. Oh that I had him here! He wronged me in my birth, for it gave him my father's property; he wronged me in childhood, for he had my father's love; and he robbed me of the woman I loved dearly. What a jest, now, to bury my blade in this young squaller and send it to him. I must leave this, and get back to Jamestown in time."

Half an hour passed, and the boy came back, bringing food. The man ate ravenously, and watched the boy. Though he had been faithful, the ruffian's suspicious nature would not let him rest.

"Do you ever go to Jamestown?" he said.

"No," replied Kee-na-too. "The white men have not been just to the Shawnees, and the Shawnees will not go to the white men. A black cloud hangs over the tribes, since they came in their white-winged ships."

"Do not go there; it is better for the Shawnees. If Spencer Keller loved them, he would not have chosen Powhatan for a friend when he has so many friends among the Shawnees."

"My brother is a just man," said the boy. "Where is there a tribe like the Shawnees?"

"Nowhere," answered the white. "I ask one thing more of you. Go to the village from which you came, and bring me a gourd, such as a child can drink from; then I will go away."

The boy hurried away, and was back in half an hour with the gourd. He looked about for the man. He was nowhere in sight, and he believed he had gone away, taking the child. As the thought passed through his mind, the low wail of the infant struck upon his ears. He stooped and picked it up, scarcely comprehending the fact that the man had deserted it purposely. He called, but the echoes of the forest only made reply.

"Let it be so," said he. "Kee-na-too will bear the child to his father's lodge, and see it grow up like a flower. It shall be a Shawnee, and shall never know the blood that flows in its veins. Child of the forest, you are mine."

Folding the infant to his breast, he turned back on the trail, eager to place his treasure in safety.

The man who had brought the child into the woods, and so basely abandoned it, hurried away for two hours, weary as he was. When darkness stayed his steps, he lay down under the shadow of a mighty tree to sleep, with the cry of the mountain cat sounding in his ears. At early morning he hurried on. About half an hour's walk brought him to a place where a canoe lay upon the river's bank. Launching it, he pushed out upon the waters and paddled down the stream.

The time at which the story opens is that at which the colony at Jamestown, in Virginia, seemed to have secured a permanent existence, and settlers were flocking in from many quarters. John Smith had done his best to make the colony a success. His iron will and bravery had accomplished much in giving order and security to the settlement. It was toward Jamestown that the head of the canoe pointed.

The rattle of arms sounded in his ears, and he looked toward the shore. A number of white men, fully armed and appointed, were coming up the beach hurriedly. They were dressed in the rich and gaudy style so common with the cavaliers of the day, who loved to dress in opposition to the tastes of the people they despised so greatly, the "canting, psalm-singing, crop-eared Puritans!" as they designated the people on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, who had landed but a few years before.

"They are out in search," said the man, smiling; "and there is my good brother Spencer. The devil pad his pillow for him. How I hate that smiling rogue. He has forgotten to smile now."

He turned the head of the canoe toward the shore, and the new-comers hurried to meet him. They were something more than a score in number, led by a man in a neat dress of velvet, slashed and embroidered after the manner of that day.

"Ha, Braxton! I am glad we have met you. There

is sore affliction in our home. Our little darling, Marina, has been stolen !”

“ Stolen !” said Braxton Keller, turning aside to hide the evil smile that came into his face. “ How know you that ?”

“ We left her lying on the grass a moment in the woods while Maud aided me in some work I had to do. When we came back the child was gone.”

“ It might have been some animal. My God ; you know I loved that little child. I, who have but little love for any human being, suffered my heart to go out to that babe. Have you any clue ?”

“ Nothing, except that the tracks led toward the river and were made by moccasined feet. It is the work of the Indians, and we are on our way to the village to demand the child.”

Braxton laughed within himself. They would not dare to go to the Shawnees for the child, nor would they think of them.

“ I will go with you,” he said ; “ though I hope but little from the search, Spencer.”

“ Do not say that, Braxton. I fear the shock will be too much for Maud, who loved the child so dearly. I pray you do not say that we may not save the child.”

“ I do not say that ; but I fear the worst. Did she bear it hard, then ? Poor girl, poor girl !”

And he went with them, along the river-bank, muttering to himself. He had loved the wife of his brother while she was yet Maud Carroll—one of the few patrician women who came to the colony of Virginia. He loved her yet, though she was married, and hated his brother with an intensity which only kindred can show, when they hate indeed. He was glad he had punished her ; she deserved no less at his hands, he thought. But, when he heard that she had not spoken since the child was lost, he could not think calmly over his work.

“ If she should die !” he muttered. “ Oh, my God, if she should die. How would my villainy recoil upon my own head. A curse upon them ; they drove me to this. If Maud had loved me, I should have been a better man.”

As they passed up the river, it would be well to take a

survey of the party. Most of them were young—the daring, idle surplus of an English population, ready to stake their lives upon a desperate enterprise. Most of them were gentlemen, younger brothers, soldiers out of service, men who had little to lose, and every thing to gain. They were such men as followed Drake into the Spanish seas in quest of gold, and who afterward fought as bravely against the Armada, when it pushed into the the English seas. Generous, brave, lavish of their wealth when they had it, glad of credit when they had it not—this was the stock from which Virginians sprung, and a rare old State these sons of the cavaliers built up, when they learned that they must labor if they would obtain the prize.

Only two of the party under notice need especial mention. One was Spencer Keller, the brother of the man who had deserted the child in the woods. He was a tall, lithe man, perhaps thirty years of age, with a handsome face, and a merry eye when not in sorrow. He was built in every respect like his brother, except that his face was open and manly, and he had an easy, frank way and graceful carriage which was lacking in his younger brother, who was somewhat clumsy and had a painful look of indecision and duplicity, which made him as much shunned as his brother was courted. He was armed like the rest, with sword, dagger and pistols. The next man was short of stature, with a dark, scintillating eye, and a bent figure. A strange man, whom people said would never grow old. Roger Boyle was the name by which he was called in Jamestown. He was a physician, and since his coming among them had learned the qualities of many plants and herbs whose uses were known to the Indians. Men avoided him, and at times whispers went out that he had dealings with the evil one. Nevertheless, he was a skillful physician, and the Virginians had good reason to thank God for the skill which had been of such service to them in many ways.

This member of the party had been watching Braxton Keller from the moment they landed, with a look of cunning which Braxton did not understand. He feared the physician. Indeed, he had been his evil genius, and had prompted him to many an evil act by sneers and suggestions. He knew well

how to work upon the feelings of such as Braxton. He was a rapid and acute talker, full of strange sophistries—full of scorn for the holiest rites and ceremonies instituted by man.

He managed to get side by side with Braxton, and they walked on together. Braxton saw that the doctor was leering at him from his piercing dark eyes. It was a strange thing that this man, distorted and rough as he was in person, had the face of an Adonis. His hair, which he petted and curled in the most ridiculous manner, hung in curls to his shoulders. He was young, too—not older than Spencer Keller.

"Do you think they will find the child?" said he, after they had walked on in silence for some time, and the rest of the party were several rods in advance. "Do you really think they will find her?"

"No," said Braxton, "I fear not."

Roger Boyle laughed—a laugh which caused a chill to run through the frame of the young man, scoundrel though he was.

"Why do you laugh in that villainous way, doctor. I said nothing to make you laugh."

"Did you not? Ha! ha! Excuse me, but I really must laugh it out somehow. You *fear* that the child will not be found. Braxton Keller, you *know* it!"

"Am I betrayed?" cried the young man, laying his hand upon his sword.

"Pish! Put down your hand. Why betray you when I know you to be one of the few lads of spirit to whom I look to redeem this fair State, and make her great among nations? Never draw your sword on me. I am your best friend."

"What do you know?"

"I know that yesterday I walked in the woods and saw Spencer Keller at labor. His wife was with him. By the life of my heart, that is a royal creature! I have given orders to deal with her when she recovers from the nervous shock this strange event has given her."

"She feels it deeply, then?"

"Do you pity her?"

"Not much."

"And yet she is a beautiful woman. It is strange that *she* preferred her husband to you."

"Death!" cried Braxton, hissing the word through his set teeth. "What do you mean? Am I to be browbeaten and insulted by you? What do you know? Speak, you shriveled bag of bones! Speak, you death's head! I will shake the life out of your carcass!"

With a strength which did not seem to dwell in his body, the doctor cast off the hands of the young man.

"Fool that you are!" he cried. "Do you know what it would be to make an enemy of me? I tell you I saw them lay down the child. I saw you lurking in the thicket—for what purpose I know not, unless to kill your brother—steal out and seize the child. *Now* shake the life out of my carcass—*now* call me a death's head! Soul of my body, what hinders me from calling them back, and making known your villainy?"

"Not so loud, doctor; for God's sake, not so loud. I beg your pardon. Do you hear? I was betrayed into it. Do not harbor ill feelings against me for a word."

"You must be careful. I am sensitive on the subject, and to get my ill-will, a man has but to reflect upon my personal appearance. Did I not care for you more than any other man in this colony, I would at once denounce you. As it is, it hangs over your head."

"I will be cautious," said Braxton.

"And when I call you, come to me."

"Yes."

"Fetch and carry at my bidding, and we will work out a future for ourselves which will make us great. Now go and talk with Colonel Stanley. We must not be seen together too much."

As Braxton strode away, the man looked after him with a mocking smile, which wholly marred the beauty of his face.

The Indian town was situated upon the river, about ten miles from the spot where Braxton Keller met the party. It is needless to say that the search was unsuccessful, and that the party, tired and disappointed, returned wearily to their homes. As they came into the village many of the anxious

tenants came out to meet them, and read their disappointment in every face. They approached Spencer Keller's house, when the door opened, and a beautiful woman, with disheveled hair, rushing out, threw herself weeping into Spencer's arms.

"You have failed," she murmured. "I see it in your face."

"My darling Maud," said the husband, "have patience. We may find her yet."

"No, no. I shall never see my babe again. Who has done this deed?"

As she spoke she raised her head, and saw the face of Braxton looking at her over her husband's shoulder. Removing her husband's encircling hand, she came close to him, with an expression in her set features at which he shrunk in fear.

"I know you, Braxton Keller. It is impossible, I know, to bring this crime home to you. Nevertheless, as God is judge over all, I believe that you, and you only, have robbed me of my child. Enjoy your revenge now, but the time will come when this shall be as bitter to you as it is to me. Spencer, lead me in, and let us mourn for the child who will never come again."

The lookers-on separated, leaving the doctor and Braxton standing together in the street, the first still wearing that inscrutable smile.

"Ah! A woman of penetration," he said. "We shall see in time."

CHAPTER II.

MASTER AND PUPIL.

FIFTEEN years, in their passage, leave their mark upon a new country. Jamestown was not the same place into which that sad band had passed on their return from the unsuccessful search for the lost child of Spencer. One by one new families had been added, foot by foot the Indians had been

pushed back toward the distant West, leaving their land to the spoilers. These years had wrought a great change in the people who had followed John Smith in his perilous enterprise in the New World. They had learned that, without labor, nothing could be done in this new land, and the results began to show themselves. Spencer Keller had been one of the few who understood this from the first, and hence we find him, after fifteen years, at the head of affairs in the village. Maud had outlived the loss of her child, and borne others to her husband, but she never forgot. On the anniversary of that sad day, she always went away to her own room, to be alone in her sorrow.

Two men came down the principal street of the village together, on that day, fifteen years from the disappearance of the child. Neither have changed in any great degree, and any one who had once seen Doctor Roger, could not mistake him again—the same brilliant eye, handsome face and crooked form; the same perfumed ringlets and foppish taste in the disposal of his dress. His companion was Braxton Keller, whose heavy face was frowning now at something the doctor had said.

“Curse you, Roger, why will you allude to something which I wish to bury forever in the grave of the past. The memory of that deed, would I could blot it out forever! But I can not. Every time I see Maud Keller’s face upon this day, it is a lasting reproach to me. I wonder what became of the brat?”

“How should I know?” said the doctor.

“Hush! There she is.”

Braxton looked up with a start, for Maud Keller was standing within five paces of them, regarding Braxton with such a look as that he remembered on this day fifteen years before. The years which had passed had left her a beautiful woman, as the man could not help acknowledging. Something of the old fever came into his blood as he looked at her.

“What did you say just now, Braxton?” she said. “I am sure you spoke of the child.”

“Maud,” said he, entreatingly, “will you never forget? Will you never forgive? Why do you accuse me of a crime of which I am innocent?”

"Innocent! Not you! I told you then I knew you. I repeat it now. All these years have not changed my opinion of you. I know not where the dear child found rest. If I did, I should rest more easy. But I fear that will never be. Doctor Roger Boyle, I suspect you grievously."

The doctor bowed with a smile of mockery. "You do me too much honor, madam, upon my life and soul you do. Why, what had I to do with the matter? Who will you accuse next?"

"I know not, I know not," she answered, hurriedly. "I hope I am wrong. I should not suspect you if I did not see you so much in this man's company. As it is, let it suffice you that I trust you not."

"And I am the most unfortunate of men, to fall under the displeasure of Madam Keller. Let it pass. But, first, let me say to you that a day may come when I may repay you, in kind, for the wrong you have this day done me. See to it, and beware."

"Do you dare to threaten me, sir?"

"No, madam. I do *not* threaten. I do not deal in thunder of that sort. Where is that text in the Book which applies to the case: 'By their deeds ye shall know them.'"

"You are not learned in Scripture, doctor," said the lady. "Your quotation is not correct."

"I accept the decision. I think it is 'fruits' in the Book. But what matter. *My* quotation expressed my meaning. I give you good-day, madam, and wish you many happy returns of this day."

"Happy returns of this day! Another insult to remember," she gasped.

"A thousand pardons. This is not the most happy anniversary of your life. Come, Braxton. Go into my house. I have something to say to you."

Braxton turned aside with him into the small house which the doctor occupied, and closed the door. It was a singular place they entered, a museum of horrors. The doctor had a strange taste for curiosities, and had collected some of the most remarkable specimens. Upon a shelf in the side of the room, directly opposite the door, a skeleton was placed in a sitting posture, the grinning skull facing the door. On each

side of this horrible thing stood two preserved monkeys of enormous size, holding each a hand of the skeleton. In all parts of the room similar relics showed themselves, as a skeleton snake, a human heart in spirits.

"What a horrible crib you have here, Roger," said Keller, attempting to sit down, but recoiling as he saw that the chair was occupied by a large rattlesnake, coiled up.

"Don't you like it? Don't be afraid of the snake. He is harmless, for I drew his fangs this morning. Strange as it may seem, I like this work better than any thing else. It only shows us that we are mortal; of the earth. Pish! When man is dead, and time has worked its will with him, what remains? A handful of dust. Nothing more. And why should we make so much ado because I pick up some parts of the defunct animal, more or less decayed, and keep them for my study? Ah, bah! We exist. We die, and there we end."

"If I could believe it."

"Why not? It is as easy to believe as the stale philosophy the priests deal out to us, or the cant our brethren at Plymouth delight in giving us. What a solemn assembly of long-faced and long-eared rogues I found in that same starched and sober colony!"

"I do not care for the Plymouth colony. What I wish to ask is this. Why do you continually rake up old times? Why can not the past rest in its grave? I have been guilty, and you know it. You have never used that knowledge to my hurt, why, I do not know. But you make my life a burden by recalling it so often."

"Nonsense. I happened to think of it. That is all," said the doctor, smiling.

"You think of it too often," was the muttered reply. "I will not endure it. No, rather let Spencer Keller know that it was I who robbed him of his child, than live in constant dread of your discretion."

"Now may I die the death, if you are not the most uncharitable dog to be found in this colony! Have you not known me long enough to understand that I am not a talker, and that I know how to keep a secret? It seems you do not trust me yet. Fifteen years is a long time to keep a secret."

"Let it rest then. I do not care to hear of it."

"Maud Keller will not let it rest. And if Spencer were to find it out, brother though you are, your only hope would be that he would make you fight, and give you an honorable death, rather than that of a felon."

"I have no fear of Spencer Keller," replied the other, with a frown. "You know that nothing would please me so well as a bout with him upon the green turf yonder, sword to sword."

"You hate him deadly," muttered the doctor. "I, too, am a good hater. I will tell you a thing which you perhaps may not know. I hate him quite as much as you do."

"No; not as I do."

"Worse, then. And yet I would not see him die as you would have him. I would see him linger. You would be better pleased to see him lie dead at your feet, with a sword-thrust through the heart. That is no punishment. And, beside, there is the chance that his sword might be as good as yours, and then it would not be so pleasant."

"I tell you that he is no match for me," hissed Braxton.

"I know that he *is*," said the doctor. "I am the best swordsman in this colony, and he is the next."

"You can not fence!" sneered Braxton.

"No? Would you like a bout with me now, with the buttons off the foils?"

"You had better be careful, doctor. What? Attempt to play with me? You have long arms, to be sure, but what is that to the strength of mine?"

The doctor laughed, and rising from his seat between a stuffed rattlesnake and a small monkey's skull, took down a couple of foils from a cupboard, and handed one to his companion, who took it with a smile, and began to remove the button on the end.

"I don't think you had better take that off," said the Doctor. "I shall keep mine on."

"Very well," said Braxton. "You are right. I might hurt you, and I should not like to do that. You understand?"

The doctor took his position, and the foils crossed. Exactly how it was done, Braxton never quite understood, but

in less than three passes his foil was wrenched from his hand, and sent spinning up to the ceiling of the room. He caught it up with an oath, and the same thing was repeated. With an angry exclamation, he laid his hand upon his rapier.

"None of that," said the doctor. "You would not like to try me with the real blood-suckers. You are no match for the man who has led a squadron through four African campaigns. I know how to use steel, in any shape. You see now that I have no fear of Spencer Keller with the sword."

"Fear him! There is no man in this colony nor in any one along the coast, who can confront you successfully. Where did you learn all this? If you hate Spencer, why not insult him, and call him out?"

"I don't do business in that way. It would be no sort of pleasure to kill him."

"No pleasure, when you hate him?"

"Not in the least. I must be allowed to do my work in my own way. Fifteen years I have waited and my revenge is near at hand. You do not understand me. Few do. A year from this the colony shall know me better."

"What do you propose to do?"

"No matter. I want you to understand fully that you are in my power. Do you know it?"

"I have said so. Use your power then. I have no fear of it. When a man has looked death in the face for fifteen years, the sight is not so hideous."

"Leave me for a little while. I will see you again to-night at the Queen. Get Swayne and Deruyter and one or two more, and we shall have a royal bout, at my expense."

"No, at mine."

"As you choose. Be sure and meet me. At seven o'clock, remember."

Braxton passed out, and the doctor remained with his face buried in his hands, in deep thought. At length he looked up, a smile, which would have become Mephistopheles well, irradiating his face.

"It opens brightly," he said. "I shall see the day when the proud heart of Spencer Keller shall lie as low in the dust as his proud family laid mine. My weary years of waiting have not gone for naught. Alaric!"

As he spoke a panel in the wall opened, and a tall man, in an oriental dress, stepped out and stood beside him, with a bowed head, in token of submission.

"You called," said he. "When my master speaks, I obey."

"You are a Moor," said the doctor. "Have you forgotten your wrongs?"

"No. And never shall."

"Do you remember who wronged you?"

"A Moor never forgets. He is not able to do that. If he dared, the spirits of his fathers would appear and point their fingers at him, as a recreant son. What am I to do?"

"Go to the laboratory and bring me the bouquets we worked with yesterday."

The Moor went out, and came back directly, bearing in each hand a beautiful bouquet of rare flowers, such as the doctor loved to cultivate. A hand which was accustomed to group flowers had arranged these. In spite of their beauty, and the love he had for them, he held them carefully at arm's length.

"A strange thing is the knowledge of drugs," said he "Do you think a woman can resist the temptation of flowers like these, Alaric?"

"No."

"Then take them, with my compliments, to Madam Keller. Or stay. She may suspect. Give them to her in the name of Philip Conroy, who is in love with her daughter. She would not take them in if they came in my name."

"What is the nature of this drug, master mine?" said the Moor.

"In two hours after she inhales this potent drug she will begin to feel drowsy. Then she will go to sleep. When she awakes she will be blind."

"Master, must our vengeance extend to the lady?"

"It must. Ask no questions. Go and deliver the bouquet, and see that the message comes from Philip Conroy. Report your success on your return."

CHAPTER III.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.

ALARIC set out toward the residence of Spencer Keller. The diabolical plan of Doctor Boyle did not trouble him in the least. He had followed that arch mover of mischief too long to be troubled by so small a thing as the destruction of a beautiful woman. This man, in his own country, had been a prince of the blood. No one knew by what tie he was bound to Doctor Boyle. They only knew that he served him with unquestioning obedience. His tall, dark figure had been seen at all hours of the night, passing through the village-street, on quests upon which his master sent him. And at their orgies at the Queen, he stood behind the doctor's chair, looking neither to the right hand or the left, seeing only that one man.

He well knew the virtue of the bouquet which he held in his hand. He held it carefully from him, as he gazed at it.

"What a joke, now," he muttered, "to give this to the girl instead of the mother! Nonsense! If the mother has it, will she not smell it? I am a fool, and do not know my master. Every one of this accursed race will sip at the sweet perfume, and every one will be blind, blind, blind!"

A look of hideous triumph passed over his face as he gazed at the flowers. "Ah, what a man my master is! How cunning! These people will not know what caused their punishment. And if they do, why, our young friend Philip sent the bouquet. I will see if I can not make that out. Ah, here he comes. I must have the other bouquet, if he should ask to smell it."

He was well provided. In the basket which he carried on his arm he had another bouquet of exactly the same shape and size as the drugged one. Placing the medicated flowers in the basket, he took out the harmless ones and turned to meet a stalwart young man, dressed in a hunting-suit, who came down the street at a quick pace.

"Good-day to you, worthy Alaric," he said. "Soul of my body, man. But those are wonderful flowers."

"My master has rare taste in producing them," said Alaric. "For mine own part, I understand somewhat of their nature."

"Wilt thou sell these flowers to me, worthy Alaric?" said the young cavalier. "Thou shalt have a golden piece for them."

"We do not sell such merchandise as these," said Alaric. "What would you do with them?"

"They should go to the fair hand of a lady, the fairest in Jamestown," said Philip Conroy. "I mean but one, Mistress Ada Keller."

"She is indeed fair," said Alaric. "Now I will make you an offer. Write a note, saying that you send these by my hand, and I will myself carry them to the house of the judge."

The desire to appear as little as possible in any gifts which they send their sweethearts, Philip had in common with all lovers since the world began. He assented, and Alaric, with his terrible gift, and armed with a note from Philip, went to the door of Judge Keller's house—for Spencer now sported that title—and knocked. The door was opened by a young girl, the copy of her mother at that age. Though only fifteen years old, she was already the toast of all the young men of Jamestown who sought to ally themselves to the Keller family, when the judge would agree to the thought. Mistress Ada Keller, though young, was a woman in every respect. The brilliant education of her father had been imparted to her, and she was the best educated lady in the colony.

But, it was not this which made her the pride and boast of Jamestown. She was a beauty of no common order. Her golden hair had been toasted at the wine-table of the Queen many a time. Love-lorn swains descanted with eloquent words upon the splendor of her hazel eyes. None had sped better in his wooing, or had looked with more hope to the consummation of his desires, than Philip Conroy. At last it became tacitly understood that he was the man who would carry off the prize.

"Welcome, Alaric," said Ada, shrinking back a little. For she, in common with others, saw something repulsive in the dark face of the Moor. "Will you enter?"

"As you will, Mistress Ada. I come to you with this bouquet and note. Please you to read it, and see if it requires an answer."

She took the bouquet and pressed it to her face. The villain might have stopped her, even then. He made no sign. What was it to him that she must suffer? Let them die, one and all, if they would. It would be a merry house before many hours.

"And Philip sent me this?" she said. "Tell Master Philip, when you see him, that I thank him a thousand times for his precious gift."

Alaric smiled, and stood as stern and unrelenting as his Gothic namesake, seated on the Palatine.

"Will you enter?" she said.

"If you like. I would speak to the judge from my master."

She led him into a large room, where all the family were seated. Alaric sat like a rock while that dreadful bouquet passed from hand to hand and its fragrance tested. The judge, his wife, Ada, and young Spencer, a fine boy of nine years, one after another passed the ordeal.

"It has a strange odor," said the judge. "I think I never saw flowers so fragrant as these. Whence came they?"

Ada blushed.

"Now, by my life, from young Philip Conroy, if Ada's tell-tale face may be believed. No matter; he is a brave youth. But, Reuben Conroy has no such flowers in his garden."

"They are from my master's," said Alaric. "Master Philip indeed sent them to you, but we raised them. Master judge, there is a matter upon which my master would speak with you to-day, if you are so willed. It is of importance to the colony."

"Say to your master that I will be with him in half an hour," said Spencer.

Alaric rose at that, and, taking his basket, went out, after a sweeping glance at his victims. He could not have struck at nobler quarry. The patrician faces, cut like cameos, the

flowing hair of the men, always showed in the race of the Kellers, and has not left their Virginian descendants to-day. The women maintain their characteristics as well. With a heart bounding with joy at the blow he had leveled at the hated race, Alaric passed into the street.

"A strange fellow," said Spencer Keller. "Do you know, my dears, that I have seen a face like this before? 'Twas in the Turkish war, I think. No, not there. But when I was in the service of Tunis that we had a battle with the Moors. I will not say what service I did in that battle, but this I know, that I broke many a goodly spear that day, and used my sword skillfully. The leader of the Moors is the man I speak of, and this Alaric has his face and form. We met sword to sword, and he went down, just as the troops on our side rode down the last opposing force of his army. Never shall I forget the cry of utter despair which broke from his lips as I stood above him, sword in hand, and ordered him to cry for quarter.

"Disgraced forever!" he cried. "Shame to my knight-hood, beaten by a boy. Quarter! never! Let others raise the craven amaun; I will not."

"We took him, begging for death in vain. He was a prince of the blood, and had staked his all upon the success of his battle with us. I heard after that he ascribed his defeat to me, and swore by his heathen gods to have revenge, though he followed me the world over. And when I first saw the swarthy face of this man, upon my honor I thought he had kept his word."

"Did you never hear of him again?"

"Only that he escaped from the castle at Tunis, in company with a young English adventurer who was at Tunis. In the escape, the Englishman received a wound, which disabled him, and he was borne off by Ibram, the Moor. They got away in safety, and reached Morocco. But, when there, the emperor would not receive his son, and sent them forth. I do not know where they went. A year after, upon the death of my father, I returned to England. By the way, I must go and see Boyle."

"I do not like the man," said Maud. "I wish you would have nothing to do with him."

"By my life, that is easily said. But, he will make himself heard in this colony. There is no braver and no more skillful man than Roger Boyle in Jamestown. I must see him."

"I entreat you not to trust him, my husband," said Maud.

"No further than I can see my way clearly," said Spencer. "See you now. I will go and see him, and return within the hour."

Kissing her tenderly, for he seemed to love her more upon this day, when she had lost her child, he went out into the village. As he did so, a tall Indian, with the feathers and robe of a chief, strode down the street. Seeing the colors of the Shawnee, Spencer stopped to greet him. The chief was not alone, for close behind him, walking with an elastic step, came an Indian girl, more beautiful than Spencer had ever believed an Indian could be. Her dark hair, confined only by a band of beads and silver, swept to her waist. Her dress was of buckskin, wrought to a degree of softness which the Indians only seemed to know, and was worked in a fanciful manner, with beads of silver and glass. A sort of tiara of feathers was placed upon her head. Though her skin was brown it was not so dark as Shawnees' generally, and was smooth and soft. Dainty leggings, slashed and embroidered like the dress, covered her limbs, and her feet were shod in moccasins which even Cinderella might not have disdained to wear. A quiver full of arrows hung at her left shoulder, and she held a bow in her hand, with which she aided her steps. Although Spencer knew the chief well, he had never seen the girl.

"Good-day, Kee-na-too," he said. "You are very welcome to our wigwams."

It was the boy who had met Braxton Keller in the woods fifteen years before, now grown to a man, and wearing the eagle-feathers. He had fulfilled the promise of his boyhood. In person he was over six feet. His shoulders and arms were those of a Hercules; his eyes were keen and bright as then. No grander specimen of forest power ever was seen. His fine face always appealed to the respect of good men, and his strong frame was his safeguard against bad.

"My brother says but what he thinks," said Kee-na-too. "He

is a just man. All the Indians love him ; but there are men with him who are not so just. I have said to my father, ' Let no white men come among the Shawnees and sell them liquor.' There is fire in the cup. Kee-na-too tasted it but once, and it put a devil in his heart. The Indians mean kindly by their white brothers. The land is wide ; there is room enough for us all. But, if the white man has any good things to sell, the Indians will buy them, and pay justly. Bad things they will not have."

" Let Kee-na-too go to my house. I shall be gone a little while, and then I will come back to you. Who is the maiden you have with you ?"

" She is the daughter of the Shawnees. A bad spirit has put it into her head to see the wigwams of the white men. It would be better for her if she had kept away. But, when Rena speaks, she has her will."

" Rena has never seen the wigwams of the white men," said the girl, in better English than the chief's, speaking in a musical voice. " She has long wished to do it, but Kee-na-too would not listen."

" Where did the girl learn such excellent English ?" said Spencer.

" There is a man among us who has left the whites forever. His hair is getting gray, and he has not long to stay with us. He taught Rena to speak the language of the English and of the French, who live among the Hurons by the great river. Kee-na-too has learned it too."

" But I beat him," said Rena, with charming *naïveté*, leaning on her bow ; " always beat him talking English."

The countenance of the warrior relaxed into a smile, and he looked fondly at the laughing girl.

" Is she your wife ?" asked Spencer.

The blush could be seen stealing all over her lovely face at the question. The chief was unabashed.

" She will be, one day," he said. " Let us go, Rena."

They entered the house, and the judge turned away to the dwelling of Doctor Boyle. He was anxiously expecting the judge ; he wanted to see his medicine work, and had timed the visit that he could see the effect. The Moor, leaving the house full of joy at the success of his work, took from his

basket the harmless bouquet, and pressed it again and again to his nostrils.

"Thou little flower," he said; "the beauty which the gods give to the earth, who would have thought of thee to work revenge upon his fellow-man, but my master. What? Will Ibram Paschal, a prince of a reigning house, acknowledge a master? Yes; for he is a fool who will not bow down to a genius like this. I would I had the power. The man who can distill subtle poisons from harmless plants, may well claim power over other men. Now away, little flowers. Return to your nest. You have done your work well."

He replaced the flowers in the basket, and hurried home. Leaving the basket in the hall, he went to his master.

"Now, Alaric; thy news," he cried, eagerly. "Speak quickly."

"What news should I bring, if I go out on your service?" said Alaric. "All is well."

"Tell me. I would not lose a word."

Alaric recounted his movements since he left the house—the meeting with Philip, the note to Ada, and her reception of the flowers. Doctor Boyle laughed merrily when the fearful story was ended.

"How the devil, who seems always willing to assist his own, seems to play into my hands. Many a man, in my position, would have taken their revenge years ago. I knew better than that. But now, the measure of my revenge will be full. You saw them all snuff at the bouquet, did you say?"

"All," said Alaric.

"The upstart boy, the purse-proud and vainglorious judge, the haughty wife, the proud girl—every one? You nod; you have deserved well at my hands, Alaric. But, I forget; all this is as great a joy to you as to me. Is the judge coming to see me?"

"In half an hour, he said."

"I suppose you would like to see him too. Then stand behind my chair while he is here. Do I hear a step? Go and see."

"It is only Braxton Keller."

"He must not come in, I warn you."

"He passes now. Swayne has joined him. They are going to the 'Queen,'" said Alaric.

"To-night I can afford to make merry. Ah, ha! What a thing it is to study revenge and bring it to a point like this! What makes you frown?"

"I have a pain here," said the Moor, laying his hand upon his forehead. "I was never thus before."

"You have dabbled too much with the drugs I have in use, and have forgotten to keep on your glass mask. Beware, Alaric. Such things are dangerous. Go you and bring me the third bottle on yonder shelf; the one with the green label. A little sugar, now."

The Moor did as he was directed, and shortly after returned. Doctor Boyle mixed some of the medicine in a spoon, and made him drink it, after tasting to see that it was right.

"All true," he said. "That will ease your ache. And, henceforth, see that you do not meddle with the drugs except I am by, to teach you whether or not to use the mask. I must tutor you a little in this, or I am likely to lose a faithful companion. You take too much delight in the drugs."

At this moment a rap at the door was heard, and Alaric opened it to admit Judge Keller. He came with his usual buoyant step. As yet, the drug did not seem to have affected him in the least. He took the seat Alaric offered him, and looked about the room with a laugh.

"You have the most remarkable taste in curiosities that I ever knew, doctor," he said. "Where did you pick up all these?"

"In a dozen places. Some of the lighter skeletons came from Spain. That ape yonder I obtained in Tunis, where—"

"In Tunis! Have you been in Tunis?" said Spencer, in some surprise.

"Yes."

"So have I. I learned what I know of sword-play there," said the judge.

"And that knowledge is not small, I have heard," said the doctor.

"It will pass. I may say I fear no man in this place with

the sword. That is not saying much, to be sure; but it is something."

"I gave Braxton a lesson with the weapon this morning," said the doctor. "He made some such remark as that. And do you know, I rather had the best of it."

"No doubt. You are the right build for fencing. Size has nothing to do with it, so long as you have long arms and a quick eye. Both of these you have got, my dear doctor, and I will take your word for it that you are a capital swordsman."

"You were speaking of Tunis," said the doctor, with a malicious gleam in his dark eye. "When I was in Tunis there was a youngster about my own age in the service of the Bey. A strange lad he was—a boy whom nature had given a face and form which the gods give to Adonis."

"You think too much of these heathen gods and goddesses, doctor. One might almost think you believed in them."

"Why not? One may as well believe in them as in any thing else. I shall shock you if we go to that. I was speaking of this boy. If you were in the service of the Bey, you must remember him. He was of an Irish family, Dare by name! Ralph Dare."

"Remember him? The young scoundrel was the pest of the whole town. Young as he was, he was known to be mixed up in two insurrections, before the Bey thought proper to thrust him into the castle to keep him out of mischief. He escaped in company with a Moorish prince, whom I captured in a battle."

The eyes of the dark man behind the doctor's chair began to gleam, but at the same time he pressed his hand to his aching head, for the medicine was not so potent as the doctor had supposed. He bent eagerly forward, nevertheless, to hear the whole of the tale. In the mean time, the doctor was watching eagerly for some sign of the working of the poison with which he had impregnated the bouquet. He could see none as yet.

"Did he get off safely?" he asked.

"Not quite. I got a shot at the young imp as he dropped from the wall, and as I am not apt to miss my aim at ten paces, he is likely to carry the mark of my bullet with him

to the grave. It doubled him up on the sand. But they had a boat ready and assistants at hand, and got off, confound them."

"I have seen that young man," said the doctor. "It was in London, nearly eighteen years ago; in fact, just before we sailed for this country. You say truly that he will carry the mark of your bullet to the grave. It has bent and distorted his body, and made him prematurely old. So it was *you* who fired the shot which robbed him of his youth and vigor?"

"Yes. And I was not sorry at the time."

"I suppose for the reason that an Englishman and an Irishman oppose each other by instinct," said the doctor, laughing.

"I was in the service of the Bey, and as officer of the night, bound to do my duty. I should have shot my brother if he had attempted the same thing. I do not remember to have seen your face in Tunis, doctor."

"Very likely. Years make a change in men, and I was in the service of a powerful noble, tricked out in the finery of oriental style. That is the way I came to know young Dare. It seemed to me he was not a bad-hearted boy."

"Perhaps. I never saw any good in him. But excuse me, doctor. Will you look to your man? I never saw such terrible convulsions of countenance as he is making."

"What is the matter, Alaric?" the doctor cried, turning quickly.

"My head; my head!" cried the Moor, in agony. "Ah, if I have made a mistake. Your medicines do no good."

The doctor sprung up hastily and took a vial from the shelf, from which he poured a dark-colored liquid and mixed it with a little water. The Moor drank it with avidity and it seemed to have an instantaneous effect, for the headache ceased, and the face of the Moor became tranquil.

"Where is this Dare now?" said Keller. "I have never heard of him until this moment."

"I can not tell. We roomed together in London once upon a time, for we were drawn together by being crippled in a measure. I have yet to learn that Dare had any malice in his composition then. He had when I saw him, and was

searching for you eagerly. I left him to sail for the New World. No more of this. I sent for you for an object."

"State it."

"I wish permission to exclude all Indians from our streets, except at certain periods. In my office as sheriff of this town, I find much difficulty from the too frequent visits of the Indians."

"How do they annoy you?"

"In many ways. They get drunk as sure as they come, and make a disturbance in the street, whereby the peace and harmony of the village is disturbed. I beg you to grant me this permission."

"It shall be brought before the council at their next sitting, though I am not of your opinion. The Indians are now disposed to be friendly, and it is extremely desirable to keep their good opinion. If we exclude them from the village, it will look like distrust. It will not do. My word for it, you will not make it appear to the council. But bring it in at the next sitting, and it shall have full consideration."

"You will oppose it?" said Boyle.

"Both by my voice and my vote. I can see no good in it. If I could, I should not hesitate a moment. Many things you have brought up for our consideration, my dear doctor, have been just and necessary. But, this is far from being so."

"You must do as you like. See to it that we have no collision between our citizens and the savages. I do fear it."

"I do not. Is this all you had to say to me?" said Keller.

"Nothing more. I hoped for your good opinion on this point. It seems that you are decided the other way. You are going then? Do not hurry away. I would have you drink a cup of wine with me."

"I have not the time, doctor. Kee-na-too, chief of the Eastern Shawnees, is at my house, waiting for me. I must go to him."

"Then you will not take wine with me?" said the doctor.

"Impossible to-day. At any other time I am at your service."

"Curses upon his thick head," muttered the doctor, as he went out. "Will nothing move him? He has poison enough in his system to kill two such men, unless the devil is in him. What means this, Alaric?"

"Master, master," cried the Moor, in piteous accent. "You gave me two bouquets. Which was the right one for the family? The one with the pink flower in the center or the one with the red."

"The pink, you fool! Did you forget? If you have—"

The Moor ran out into the hall and came in with the basket. Opening it, to his horror he found the bouquet with the pink in the center. The cry he uttered was fearful to hear. A cry of disappointed vengeance and deadly fear, which was answered by the doctor, who saw in a moment how his plan had failed. In order to deceive Philip Conroy, he had collected two bouquets, one, with the pink in the center, designed for the family of Keller. The other, with the red flower in the center, was harmless, and merely meant for Conroy. In some way, how he could not say, the Moor had changed them in the basket after leaving Conroy, and had left the harmless one at Keller's, while he remembered with a thrill of horror how he had pressed the tainted flowers to his lips.

"Fool! blockhead! You deserve to die. You have ruined the best plan man ever invented, by your infernal stupidity."

"Some help or I die, master," cried the Moor. "Make haste. Have you the antidote?"

"There is no poison without its antidote in nature, if taken in time. But this, I fear, has gone too far. Do not go to sleep. If you do, I can not save you" urged the doctor.

The doctor rushed hastily into the laboratory and began to prepare the antidote. The Moor sat down by the smoking furnace and placed an iron rod in the fire. While the matter worked, and as the Moor began to get drowsy, the dark man would take the iron from the flame and apply it to his naked arm. The flesh hissed under the red iron. But he never winced.

"What are you doing?" said the doctor, pausing in his work and looking at his strange dependent.

"Keeping awake," replied the Moor, holding the iron to his arm, without moving a muscle of his set face.

"Umph," said the doctor. "I think you will do it. Life of my heart, you have wondrous nerve."

"I can not die," said Alaric. "No, no, I can not die while he is alive and I am unavenged. The antidote! Quick quick! Ah, but for you I should not now be disappointed in my vengeance. I would have left my blade to the hilt in his body long ago."

"If you had not boggled so strangely in your work you would have the full measure of your vengeance upon the race. If it had worked, you would have seen them grope blindly through the world, father, mother, son and daughter. And yet I am not sorry, after all, that Mistress Ada is spared. The girl is of a free and open nature, and I like her. It would be a strange revenge, methinks, to make her my wife, and then, by my art, seduce her to a pitiful dependence on me, begging for a word or smile. Would not this be rare sport?"

"The antidote!" hissed the Moor. "I feel this subtle poison boiling through my veins, and it seems as if my throbbing head would burst its bounds. Give it me, quick!"

The doctor took the retort in which he mixed the medicine from the fire, and gave the speaker some of it to drink.

"Now sleep, if you will," he said; "and the longer the better."

"Will I die?"

"You can not; the principle of life is in your veins. If you feel sleepy, give way to it now."

The Moor dropped the glowing bar which he had held to his arm, and staggered to a couch near by, where he threw himself heavily down, and was asleep as soon as he touched the bed. The doctor bent over him and satisfied himself that he slept. Then, gathering up his medicines, he left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

PASTIMES OF "GENTLEMEN."

THROWING open the door, the doctor hurried down the street toward the tavern, which stood in the centre of the village. As he entered, a chorus of voices was heard, loud in altercation. Loudest among them he recognized that of Braxton Keller.

"The quarrelsome hound," he muttered. "I shall cut his throat some day, if I do not hang him first. What is the matter now?"

"'Tis the doctor," cried one of the young men, eagerly. "Here, doctor, we need you. Braxton would make a wager that you are a better swordsman than his brother. With all respect to you, worthy sir, I may say that Spencer Keller is the best swordsman I ever saw, and this is an age when men live by the good sword they wear. I am willing to hazard twenty golden pieces, if you will agree to meet the judge with the foils, that he is the better man."

"I will meet him," said the doctor; "any thing to decide the wager. But, let there be no quarrel."

"There shall be none, doctor," said Egbert Swayne, the young man who had proposed the wager. "But, Master Braxton was getting heated when you came in. I expected a challenge."

"You may get it yet," growled Braxton, half rising from the table.

"Silence!" cried the doctor. "Sit down there, Braxton Keller. You talk too loudly of challenging. I will run the first man through the body who dares to begin a quarrel here. We are good fellows, boon companions, any thing you like, but, by our lady of mercy, we are no swaggers."

"Right, doctor," cried several voices.

"Some wine here," said Braxton. "I beg your pardon, Egbert. I am far from wishing a quarrel with you; indeed,

I have no reason for it. Here, landlord, quick ! That other bottle. A glass of wine with you, Egbert."

The drinking became general, and many young and handsome faces became flushed with the fires of passion. Loud laughs, threats and boastings went round, until Braxton Keller who had drank deeply, caught sight of Kee-na-too and Rena sitting in the corner next the fire. They had been brought there by Spencer Keller, with orders to keep them through the night, as his own house, for that night, would be full. Braxton uttered a drunken shout, and sprung up.

"Hi ! There is an Indian. Come up here, you son of darkness ; you shade of Erebus, with a cloud taken off. Get up and drink."

Kee-na-too had risen to his feet, his eyes glittering strangely under his projecting brows. Any but drunken men would have seen that Kee-na-too was dangerous, and would have let him alone. The doctor was sober enough to understand it, but he never interfered in matters of this kind.

"Come !" roared Braxton. "What's your name ?"

"I am Kee-na-too, chief of the Shawnees. I know you. Beware !"

As Braxton saw his face by the full light of the lamp, and heard his name, he staggered back as if he had met the thrust of a spear-head in his bosom. Kee-na-too smiled grimly, for he saw that, drunk as he was, Braxton Keller recognized him. His hesitation was only for a moment.

"You will drink with us ?" he said, quickly.

"No. A chief of the Shawnees does not sit down and burn his heart out with strong waters. He is not a fool. Let the man of the mountain go back, for Kee-na-too will neither eat nor drink with him."

"Come away," said Egbert ; "don't meddle with him. Tell you that he was brought here by Spencer Keller."

"By whom ?" cried Braxton, turning pale.

"By your brother. Come back to the table."

During this dialogue, Rena had remained in the shadow of the chimney-piece. At this moment a broad flash of light darted upward, and Braxton saw her face. Uttering a drunken cry of admiration, he darted to her side and pulled her out into the light.

"What the devil have you got here, Indian?" he cried. "By 'r lady, but this is something like. Fair maid, what think you of me?"

"That you are a *fool*," was the reply of Rena, delivered in such excellent English that every one of the young men broke into a loud laugh.

"Take your hand from my arm," she said, in a quiet tone.

"Not I," said Braxton, "until I have tasted those beautiful lips, to prove if they be as acid as your words."

"Once more, let me go."

Kee-na-too had come a step nearer, and laid his hand upon his hatchet. Braxton threw his arm about the waist of the girl, and the next moment lay at her feet, with a long, red gash upon his crown. It was not Kee-na-too who struck the blow, but Rena herself, who had struggled from his grasp and snatched the hatchet from the chief's belt. A cry of anger from the cavaliers told that they resented this attack upon one of their number, for they had yet to learn that the son of a gentleman has no more right to offer an affront to a woman than the greatest boor in Christendom.

"By my life, young woman," said one of them, "you are overbold. Know you who it is you have struck down? It is the brother of the judge. If you have killed him, you shall suffer. It has come to a strange pass if a man must die because he saw fit to kiss a pretty girl."

"He got what he deserved," said Egbert. "If I had had my sword out, I should have given him no less. Tush, boys; a woman, and a modest one—a woman as beautiful as any you have in your homes. She defended her person against a scandalous assault, and she shall have no wrong."

"You crow loudly, Egbert Swayne," said another of the young men. "However, you can not frighten me, and I am ready to meet you at any time and in any place. Ah, Braxton, are you badly hurt?"

"I think not," said Braxton, rising on his elbow. "Where is the—ah, there they are. Down with them, lads! Teach this girl that it is an honor to her when an English gentleman would salute her. I have not the strength."

Four of the drunken boys hastened to do his bidding. It

was not Doctor Boyle's pleasure to suffer this, so he drew his sword and threw himself before them. Egbert Swayne did the same. Kee-na-too, putting out one hand, drew Rena behind him, and took the hatchet from her hand. As they stepped back, she gave Egbert a flashing glance, full of pride and feeling, which he answered with a smile. Egbert was one of the handsomest youth in Jamestown, and though a little wild, had some of the noble blood of his race in his veins, which would not suffer him to see a woman wronged.

With the willingness for a fray always exhibited by the cavaliers, the two men remaining at the table drew their swords and came forward. The parties now stood two to one, but every man of the six who made the assault was as drunk as a fiddler!

"Keep back there," cried the doctor, flashing his glittering rapier before the eyes of two who assailed him. "I take no chances. If you assault me, be it on your own heads, for I will cut you down."

"I would not harm you, Vane Esmond," said young Swayne, as the man who had challenged him came at him; "but, by my life, you must take care."

Kee-na-too said not a word, but waited for the assault. His enemies came up bravely enough, and two of them struck for him.

Kee-na-too dashed one man to the earth and set his foot upon him, while he engaged with the other. Three or four half-drunken idlers, who happened to be in the room, without understanding the merits of the case, rose and sided with the drunken party, and a scene of horror commenced. Swords flashed, pistols cracked, groans, oaths and prayers were heard.

The landlord by turns begged and swore. The tumult roused the village, and a score of citizens came rushing in, sword in hand, Spencer Keller at their head. Beating down the opposing weapons, he rushed between them at imminent risk to himself. Indeed, it was only by a skillful parry, that he kept the point of Doctor Boyle from his body.

"Hold!" he shouted. "Madmen and fools, what does this mean?"

At the sound of his voice, the combatants paused and

looked at one another. Each was conscious that he had been a fool.

"Speak, Egbert Swayne. You are not the man to be engaged in a drunken brawl. What is the meaning of this?"

"Sir, we were trying to defend this young girl from these," he said, sweeping his sword-point about him at the assailants.

"Ha! And what set them on?"

"Drink, I take it. Ask your brother. He was the first to begin it," said Egbert.

Braxton was on his feet now. A stream of blood was running down the side of his face, from the wound in his head.

"It matters little," he said. "I had been drinking much wine, and sought to have the chief drink with us. He refused. Then I tried to kiss the girl and she struck me down with a hatchet. I will make her repent that blow in dust and ashes."

"Then it seems that you are the man to stir up blood and strife in this colony, and disturb its peace and quiet. Good master sheriff, I am glad to find you doing your duty so well. I call upon you to arrest these rioters, and lock them up until we can judge their case."

"But, sir—" began the doctor.

"It is useless. One of these men is my own brother; but he shall go to prison with the rest. I will make it understood that in Virginia laws shall be obeyed, and brawls like these will be suppressed and punished. Arrest these men."

"Spencer Keller," said Braxton, hoarsely, coming near his brother, "beware what you do. I have had wrongs enough at your hands—greater wrongs than many brothers would bear. Do not send me to prison. I claim it as my right."

"You are arrested."

"What if I refuse to obey?"

"Then I will take you with my own hands," said Spencer Keller. "Think not, Braxton, that I do this as to my brother. I do it as to a man who has been the cause of wrong to this good colony. Bear it as you may. My sentence will be just."

"You will commit me?"

"Certainly."

"Then take that!"

A dagger gleamed, and fell upon the unprotected bosom of Spencer Keller. At least it would have fallen, had not a quick eye and hand anticipated the deed. Rena was standing very near the speaker, and caught his hand as it fell. The check was enough to prevent the wound being deep, though it could not entirely stay it. The angry man turned in a rage upon the brave girl, and she would have suffered for her temerity, but that the chief seized the assailant in his strong arms and cast him to the earth.

A murmur of anger ran through the crowd in the room. They could not look on unmoved and see a man of their order overthrown by a savage. But Spencer Keller gave a sign, and three men came forward and took possession of the prisoner. The others were secured and locked up."

"You see I was right, judge," said the doctor. "If my plan had been acceded to these Indians would not have been allowed to stay in the village."

"Were *they* to blame?"

"Not in the least. Perhaps the chief might have been less haughty when he refused to drink with the young men; but that was his way. What think you of the girl?"

"She is a marvel of beauty and grace."

"And of strength, too. You should have seen her cut down your hopeful brother. A man could not have done better. What do you propose to do with him?"

"That is for the council to decide."

"What do you think they will do?"

"Fine him heavily. If he refuses to pay, or is insolent, they will banish him from the colony. He does no good here. I have tried to be a friend to this dark brother of mine, but it can not be. But, I must bid you good-evening. After this insult, the chief can pass the night only in my house. My wife, like myself, is eager to see this beautiful child again, even to-night. Come with me, chief, and Rena, my pretty one."

The doctor turned away, and went muttering down the street. It was a way he had, when in deep thought, to mutter as he went upon the subject that occupied his mind. He

was in a quandary now. Braxton was likely to be banished from the colony, and he was a useful tool, and one which the doctor was not yet ready to throw away. He knew the nature of the man so well that he was certain of his banishment, if insolence to his judges could do it.

He entered his house, and passed at once to the couch of Alaric. The Moor was yet slumbering heavily. His eyes were swollen in a frightful manner. The doctor anointed them with something he took from a tin case.

"Poor fellow," he said, "I fear for your eyes. Perdition. So able a tool, destroyed in this manner. We shall see."

He busied himself about the room for half an hour. Then the Moor began to stir, and sat up, rubbing his swollen face. A moment he stared about him like one in a dream, and then, holding up both hands, cried out:

"I am blind! blind!"

This was his punishment.

CHAPTER V.

THE DOCTOR DOCTORED.

THE terrible retribution which had fallen on the Moor appalled the doctor, who tried to soothe the anguish of the unfortunate man.

"No, no, no!" he cried. "Do not speak to me. It is your work. But for you, I should never have dallied with the accursed drugs. Your insane desire to find some revenge more terrible than any ordinary death, has brought this upon me. See that I do not repay you."

"My dear Alaric, be careful. Don't threaten me, I entreat you, because that can do no good and may bring hard words. Whom do you think I saw just now? Listen calmly, if you can. The chief who picked up the lost child of Spencer Keller, is now in Jamestown."

"Ha!" said the Moor, forgetting his affliction for a moment. "Alone?"

"No. A young girl, who is beautiful as one of the houris you hope to have to wait upon you in paradise, is with him. You and I know who this must be. The chief intends to marry her."

"I see. Oh for my eyes again! What mischief we might hatch from this! Is there no hope for me, master? Shall I never get my sight?"

"Not entirely, but there will be long periods, during which you can see quite well, but your eyes will never be strong, and you must wear glasses."

"Then I shall not be entirely blind?"

"In the hands of a man who does not understand the subtle drug which you have inhaled, your case would be hopeless. But, I have dived deep into the mysteries of my art, and I know that there is hope. Never let your courage droop. But, for a time, I must work for two."

"I understand. The chief must marry this girl. Ah-ha! You are very cunning, my master. You understand human nature, and will drag these proud ones to the very dust. Where is the chief now?"

"At Keller's."

"Ha! ha! I do not know but it will be better that we failed, if I can save my eyes. If not, the devil take all. Where are you going?"

"To Keller's. We had a fray at the Queen to-night, which was like to end fatally to some of us. Egbert Swayne wounded that braggart Esmond quite badly. And Braxton Keller is locked up, to answer the charge of stirring up a riot in the village. Here is a box of salve. Anoint your eyes with this every hour, and sit close to the fire until it dries. Keep the lids closed. Good-night."

Spencer Keller led the chief and Rena to his house. The excitement of the fray had warmed the heart of the Shawnee, and he advanced with a quick step, turning now and then to see that Rena was safe.

"You love her," said Spencer. "I can see that, chief."

"Did my brother not once find a flower which he plucked and put into his bosom. Kee-na-too is only a man after all. He loves Rena, as the birds love the trees. He has seen her grow up like a beautiful flower, and it has gladdened his

heart. Why should she not lie in my bosom, and Kee-na-too be as happy as my brother was when he found *his* treasure."

It is impossible to describe the fervor with which the chief uttered these words. Something in his simple faith awoke an answering chord in the breast of Keller. Rena, who was two paces behind them, did not hear what they said. They reached the house and Spencer led them into the large room where his family, and Philip Conroy, who had become like one of them, were seated. All rose as they entered, and Ada ran to Rena, drawing her close to her side.

"Isn't she beautiful, Philip?" she said. "Kiss me, my dear. You do not know how much I love you already."

The tears started into Rena's eyes at the affectionate manner of the girl.

"Why do the Shawnees say the pale-faces are bad," she said, "when they have great hearts among them like this?"

"All pale-faces are not bad," said the chief. "Many are just. This is one," pointing to Keller. "My young brother here has a good face. The young warrior who helped us to-night will be a great brave."

"He is a brave now," said Rena, quickly.

"Who does she mean?" asked Ada.

"She is speaking of Egbert Swayne. I am sorry to say that my brother Braxton offered her some indignity to-night, and Swayne protected her."

"That is like Egbert," said Philip. "He is a gallant fellow."

"There was a man to-night who stood by us and fought for us. I do not know him. He has the face of a woman and the heart of a chief. The finger of the Great Spirit has been laid upon him, and his back is bent. But he is very brave."

"He means the doctor," said Keller.

Maud coming into the room quickly, took both hands of the Indian girl in hers, and kissed her fervently upon both cheeks.

"You must come to us often, Rena," she said. "I will love you very much. You say she has no mother, chief?"

"No," said Kee-na-too, rather quickly. "I never saw her mother."

"Do you know why I love you, Rena?" said Maud. "It is not all because your face is beautiful and your voice sweet and low. It is because I had a little daughter, who was stolen from me fifteen years ago. She would be about your age now."

"Poor mother," said Rena, softly, taking the hands of the afflicted woman in hers; "and did the little child go away and never come back?"

"Yes. Some bad man stole her."

"The wicked Manitou put it into his heart. It must have been a white man."

"No; we think it was an Indian."

"Not Indian!" said Kee-na-too, quickly. "Indian not so bad. White man!"

"Why do you think so, Kee-na-too?" said Spencer, astonished at the vehemence of the Indian. The chief was visibly confused, and annoyed that he showed his confusion.

"Indian not so bad," he repeated. "See! This poor mother has sorrowed many years, because her little child was stolen. The Great Spirit has given her other children. They are beautiful. One of them will grow up a good man, and be just to the Indians like his father. Can this mother forget, though she has these, that the child she has lost will never come back?"

"No," said Rena, answering for Mrs. Keller, and kissing her the next moment. "She can not forget, this poor mother. Rena loves you; Rena is sorry."

"Don't let us talk of this now," said Spencer, in a broken voice. "That is a darling girl. I wish you would give her to me, chief. I would rear her as my own child. She should never have cause to repent it."

"Will my brother take the heart out of my bosom?" replied Kee-na-too, sadly. "My brother, I can not give her up to you. She is mine."

"But you will promise that she shall come and see us often," said Mrs. Keller.

"The steps of Rena are free. When she chooses to come

to see her white friends, Kee-na-too will go with her, and see her safely over the road. What noise is that?"

Some one was rapping at the door. Spencer opened it, and Doctor Boyle entered, evidently in haste.

"You must give me an asylum here," he said. "There are men who follow me and who say that I am to blame for the trouble at the Queen to-night, and wish to take my punishment into their hands."

"Is my brother in danger?" said Kee-na-too. "A chief pays his debts. Let me go out with you, and we will make them fly before us."

"No, chief. Let me speak to them," said Spencer. He stepped to the door. Nearly forty men were assembled, armed heavily and bent upon mischief. Most of them were turbulent characters, as Spencer well knew. One of them was a hard-visaged, iron-browed fellow, such as followed the lead of Oliver Cromwell, in the days when Charles the First came to the block—a canting, psalm-singing knave, they called him in the colony, and yet no one dared lay a hand upon him. This man was a constable, and much liked in Jamestown. His name was Eben Stanforth.

"What is the trouble here, my neighbors?" said Keller. "It is an unseemly time to appear in such force before my dwelling."

"Verily, Master Spencer Keller, it would be unbecoming a man and neighbor if I refuse to give thee an answer," said Eben Stanforth, in a refreshing nasal twang. "That notorious malcontent and swash-buckler serving-man of the devil, yclept Doctor Roger Boyle, hath sought shelter under thy roof. Peradventure it may seem good unto thee to let us take him hence, and punish him with the law."

"And wherefore, you crop-ear?" cried Boyle, coming suddenly to the point. "Is a man of my lineage to be run down by such a rascally knave as thou hast ever been? Do I not know thee for a low-born hound, a seeker after strange inventions, a lover of no church but thy own rig'd and arrogant sect?"

"Blasphemous man!" shouted Eben Stanforth, "irreverent scoffer! do I not know thee as a man who fears not God neither regardeth man? Thou art full of sorceries. I know it!

Beware that an accusation of witchcraft be not brought to bear against thee, as it may."

"Do you think—" began the doctor; but Keller stopped him.

"Of what do you accuse him now, Eben?"

"I say that he hath abused his power, and that the youth who lie in prison to-night were brought there by his cunning. He is crafty; he made them drunken, and then stirred them up by whispered words to this and that one, as the case might be."

"Liar!" hissed the man, drawing a pistol. "By the soul of my body, there shall be one canting knave the less to-night."

The pistol cracked. Kee-na-too had come out and stood beside him. When he pointed the weapon, Spencer jerked his arm aside, and the ball flew wide of the mark. Eben never flinched; his hard old face lighted up with a smile.

"Now will I seize upon thee, and drag thee to the judgment-seat of the elders, thou son of evil."

He placed one foot upon the step and advanced. Kee-na-too grasped him by the shoulder and waist, and hurled him headlong back among the group at the foot of the steps. Loud and long through the quiet street rolled the war-cry of the Shawnee. Men trembled at the sound. Eben Stanforth, nothing daunted by the reverse, sprung to his feet and dashed up the steps again. Though old, he was so iron-limbed that few of the youngest in the colony could cope with him. He had been taken by surprise at first, but now, when fully awake to what he had to do, Kee-na-too found no easy task before him. He grappled the old soldier, and they rolled together down the steps, Keller calling in vain to them to separate. Now the dark visage of the chief could be seen, then that of Stanforth, as one or the other obtained the advantage. The struggle was over soon, and Kee-na-too rose, with one knee upon the breast of his fallen foe. A man rushed at him, in time to receive a thrust from a knife. It glanced from a steel vest, or that man had seen his last of earth. There was an indiscriminate rush of men, in the midst of which the doctor and Kee-na-too appeared, pressed on every side, but fighting gallantly. A second clamor, as great as that at the Queen,

arose in the street. The determined rush they made cleared a path to the spot where the doctor and Kee-na-too were fighting desperately. The weapon of the shriveled doctor seemed charmed. It swept from side to side like a shield, keeping off the blows which were rained at him and his companion as well, from bill and ax and sword. But, the number of the foe was too great, and a heavy ax in the hands of Eben Stanforth was descending on his head, when Spencer Keller darted in and averted the blow. They now stood back to back, and whoever assailed them must take one of the four in front.

"This is a strange proceeding, master judge," said Eben Stanforth, pausing and leaning on his ax. "A magistrate should not resist the law."

"I resist no law," said the judge. "I resist the breaking of the law. Have you a warrant to seize upon these men?"

"No."

"Then go your ways. I promise you that the doctor shall appear to answer any charge brought against him."

"Wilt thou pawn thine honor that he appear?"

"Ay."

"That is all we ask. Come, comrades."

Keller turned with a moody brow and entered the house. The others followed him and found Madame Keller and Ada holding back Rena, who was resolutely bent upon escaping from them.

"Why; what is this?" said Philip.

"The mad child was determined to go out and fight. She gave us work to hold her."

"You could not hold me if I did not love you," said Rena, proudly. "I feared to hurt my mother if I tried too hard. If I had had a hatchet in my hand, I could have killed the man with the hard face, like a crooked oak."

"Poor Stanforth," said Keller. "He has not a very inviting face; but he is a true man, and works for the interests of the colony. Doctor Boyle, I do not know whether he charges you truly or not; but this I do know: he would bring no charge he did not honestly believe to be true."

"That is to say, you think he was right."

"I make no statement; I accuse no man until he has been tried by his peers. Kee-na-too, I think you had better go

away. The people will be incensed against you for this night's work. Indeed, you were to blame. But that the coat of the man was of proof, that one who assaulted you when you had Stanforth down would have been dead. That was wrong."

"Friend in trouble," said Kee-na-too, a little sulky. "Good friend; mus' save him."

"But they will remember it. I think you had better go away to-night."

"Rena can not travel by night; the roads are dark and dim. Go by day," said the chief.

"It will not do," replied the judge, quickly. "My word for it, it is not safe. Go to-night, and leave the girl with us. We will keep her safe."

"And how shall Kee-na-too get her back again, if the white men are angry with him?"

"Easily enough: I will bring her to some point on the river, where you can receive her. Where shall it be?"

"At the high hill by the river," said the chief. "Rena, the chief goes from you. There is a deep void in his heart, which Rena only can fill. The days will be long while you are away."

Rena bowed her head, evidently sorry to part from the chief.

"I will go with the chief," said the doctor. "It is not right that he should go out alone."

"Let me go too," said Keller.

"No need of that. Stay here; I will go with him and see him on the water. He got into trouble on my account, and it is but fair that I should help him out."

The chief strode out, followed by the doctor. They walked quickly through the village and reached the river side, a mile from the town. A canoe lay upon the sand, and there they paused to say good-by.

"Warrior of the pale-faces," said the chief, "you have a great heart in your bosom. Kee-na-too is proud to have you for a friend."

"Thank you," said the doctor. "Let me ask you a question. Who is the girl you have left at Keller's?"

The chief started, and looked the questioner full in the face. An angry light began to show itself in his eye.

"Why ask that?"

"Because I would like to know. If it is as I think, it is strange that you should leave her *there*, of all places—that is if you wish to keep her. I suppose she is to become your wife."

"Yes," said the chief, with an odd smile.

"Then I would not leave her long at Keller's," said the doctor.

"The woman has lost a child," said the chief, in a sad tone. "She loves to have Rena with her."

"Does she? That is one reason why it is not well for you to leave her there. If they should take it into their heads to keep her, they would be very apt to do it."

"Rena would not stay. Can you tame the partridge, or teach the wood-bird to sing the notes of another? Rena would pine and die in the big wigwam. The forest is her home; there she has lived all her life."

The doctor gave him a peculiar look, which seemed to madden the savage.

"You know something you will not speak. The man of the mountain has told you. You must tell me all you know."

"Shall I?"

"I will hear."

"Then do not leave the girl at Keller's. There is a good reason, as you and I know, why she should not stay there. Aside from that, a woman adapts herself readily to the manners of such people as the Kellers. There is another thing. The young dandies at the village are men formed to please a woman's eye. Rena might even learn to forget her chief."

"No," said the chief, "she can not forget. What she is, I have made her. The little birds were not more tenderly watched than she. Could Rena forget? No; it is not in her heart."

"But she might," said the doctor, who was bent upon irritating the chief. "Women are women all the world over. I saw that she looked with favorable eyes upon young Egbert Swayne, her champion at the Queen to-night. And, truly, Egbert is a handsome youth."

"Rena shall go home. I will go now and bring her."

"No, chief; but watch her. Do not go back to your tribe to-night. Wait in the neighborhood and meet me here to-morrow night when it is dark, and we will go and see how they are engaged. You shall see if Egbert Swayne will not be there."

"Here they are!" shouted a hoarse voice at this moment. "Down with the sons of Belial. Use your swords like men, and follow me."

Boyle was not slow to recognize the hoarse voice of Eben Stanforth. The keen old soldier had only retired for a moment, for he was fully bent upon securing the person of Boyle before morning. He had simply retired, armed himself more fully, and chosen four of the best men in his party, and with these came back to the house of Keller. He saw the two going down toward the river and followed them. It was at least a mile from the village. The place where they stood was a narrow point of sand, extending into the stream. The moon was up, and cast a mellow radiance on the water. Escape in front was cut off, for the five men filled the narrow neck of the little peninsula. None of the new-comers saw the canoe.

Eben Stanforth paused, and resting the point of his sword upon the ground, looked grimly at the two.

"Trapped," he said.

"What do you want with me?"

"It pleaseth me to apprehend thee, Doctor Boyle. Thou art a follower of the devil, chosen to do his works. I will drag thee to trial. Thou shalt defend thyself, and clear thy skirts while thou canst. See to it, and surrender."

"And if I refuse?"

"Then peradventure we will cut thee to pieces; both thee and thy savage ally. Address thyself to thy weapon, as I do, in the name of God."

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIGHT ON THE STRAND.

As the old soldier threw his point forward and took his ground, the doctor slowly drew his weapon, and Kee-na-too, whose face always brightened at the near prospect of a fray, drew his hatchet and placed himself by the side of his ally. The others of Eben's party advanced sword in hand, and the battle commenced. Two of them assailed Kee-na-too and the other three assaulted Boyle, for they had acquired a wholesome fear of the prowess of that individual. To a man who lives in our peaceful times, the odds of three to one, and one of these a trained soldier, is something terrible. But, those who think so, do not make allowances for the degree of skill which a man may acquire in the use of the sword. His eye is everywhere, and the point of his blade moves obedient to the hand. Boyle fought quietly, without any apparent effort, although engaged in his third battle against odds that night, his wrist pliant but firm, and the only part of his arm which seemed to move except when he straightened out his arm to thrust.

In less time than it has taken to write this, the first of his assailants lay bleeding on the sod, thrust through the lungs. The next was bleeding from a wound in the sword-arm, and only the huge bulk of Eben Stanforth remained opposed to him. This man, combined with his strength, had a stubborn persistence such as few men possess. His eye never left the person of the man he assailed, and he had managed to elude a wound so far. He wore defensive armor, and many a thrust which would have had his life, fell innoxious upon the steel breastplate. Boyle was bleeding, too, but his wounds were slight.

When the two men were placed *hors de combat* he suddenly changed his tactics and closed with Eben, with an impetuosity which nothing could resist. Eben was borne back, step by step, when, as he stepped forward, he brought himself within

reach of one of the two assailants of Kee-na-too. The chief, with no weapons he could use with the exception of his knife and hatchet—not good defenses against a pair of steel blades—had defended himself nobly. Both his assailants were wounded, but not enough to disable them. As the doctor inadvertently stepped past the party, one of them suddenly leaped at him, and brought down his saber with stunning force upon his head. Not wishing to kill, he allowed the blade to turn, so that the flat struck him. He dropped without a cry.

In this terrible moment, the prowess of Kee-na-too showed itself. Uttering a yell, which startled the assaulting party, he darted into their midst, striking out right and left. Eben Stanforth went down under a blow from the hatchet. Luckily for him, his head-piece was thick and he was but stunned. The other two men, weak from loss of blood, gave way before the desperate attack of the chief, and he lifted the body of the doctor from the ground.

Seeing him thus burdened, the beaten party again beset him. He had reached the canoe, and laid the body of his friend in it, when they came at him. Standing in the water, he thrust the canoe out into the stream with his foot and saw it float away. Then hurling his hatchet into the face of one of his assailants, he leaped back into the water and followed the canoe. They saw him climb in, lift the paddle, and turning the head of the craft up-stream, pass out of sight. Just as he did so, Eben Stanforth sat upright, the picture of woe.

“Verily,” he said, “my head acheth. What, what, what? Hast thou suffered him to depart in peace, the devil take you?”

“If you had not gone to sleep so soon it might not have happened,” growled one of the men. “That Indian is a devil incarnate.”

“Truly he is a mighty man of war,” said Eben, pressing his hands to his aching head. “My skull throbs as if it would split in twain. I have an affection for this head-piece. Had it not been strong, my brains would have been scattered upon the earth.”

“Ha, ha!” said one of the men. “I had to laugh when I

saw you go down, Eben. You have said so often that the Indian did not live who could beat you in a fight."

"Ay; and it showeth that pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. I was vain of my strength and my craft with my weapon—vain even unto vainglory. But see; my pride is broken down, for you have seen my fall. Who groans there?"

"Will Apsley."

"Assist me to arise. Lend me thy hand. Truly, the savage smote me sore, as the children of Israel did the Philistines on that great day. How my head swimmeth. Where is Will?"

They led him to the man whom Doctor Boyle had run through the body. He was badly hurt. They made a litter of boughs and laid him on it, and in this way a melancholy procession of hacked and bloody heroes came into Jamestown. The biter was bitten. They went out for wool and came home shorn.

In the mean time Kee-na-too paddled to an island in the river, and lifted the doctor out. Going to the stream, he brought water and washed his bloody scalp. As he was doing it, the eyes of Boyle opened.

"You saved me," he said.

"No talk. Not well enough," said Kee-na-too.

"Yes. I am strong enough for another battle."

"What shall we do?"

"Leave that to me, chief; you know I am your friend."

"Yes, I have proved you."

"Then let me tell you that no one but Spencer Keller set these rough fellows upon you."

"Why he fight them to-night?"

"That was done to deceive you. Did you not see how quickly they went away when he told them to do so?—and they were at our heels as soon as we started."

"Why should he do so? Have I not always been true to my brother?" demanded Kee-na-too.

"I will tell you why. His wife has taken a fancy to Rena, and asks for her; and whatever Spencer Keller's lady asks, that she is sure to have."

"Ugh!" said the chief, gloomily. "Then I will go to him

and ask for my wife. If he denies her to me, the blood be on his own head, for I will kill him."

"Not now. I will go back to my house. At this hour to-morrow I will meet you, and we will go to his house. We shall see whether he will give her up or no."

"I will stay here," said the chief. "Let my brother be sure to come."

He pushed out the canoe from the island shore, and landed upon the river's bank. The doctor pressed the hand of his new friend, and walked quickly away. The chief turned back to the island, and dragged his boat up the bank, out of sight of any one who might appear upon the other shore. Here he sat for some moments, evidently deeply agitated, thinking over what had been said. He had always regarded Spencer Keller as a just man, and it was hard to believe he intended to rob him of Rena, the girl he loved with an abiding passion. There was something in the doctor's way of informing him of these things which he did not like, and yet he could not help respecting a man who could fight so bravely—a sovereign virtue in Indian eyes.

But he could not rest, and, in the course of an hour, he pushed out his boat from the island and reached the shore. Not long after, he stood in the streets of the silent village. Every one was at rest. He stole like a ghost toward the house of Spencer Keller, and looked in at a window. The moonlight, streaming into the little room, showed him something which warmed his heart, stoic though he was.

It was Ada's room, and the two girls were asleep. The brown hair of Ada gleamed out from the shining dark hair of Rena, whose arm was thrown protectingly over the neck of her fairer sister. For a moment the chief stood there, and then glided away as silently as he came, with a satisfied smile on his face, and stole back through the village, and returned to his haunt on the island. He saw that they loved Rena, and that no harm would come to her there. Yet he was determined that she should not remain there another day, if he could prevent it.

CHAPTER VII

THE EXILE'S CURSE.

NEXT day was a busy one at the village. The council met at Spencer Keller's house. A strange group they were. Sir Philip Swayne, with his gray head and patrician face; Master Conroy, still young in appearance, though old in the cares of state; Spencer Kelier, who, though youngest of the party presided over all, by virtue of the power of his mind, and the character for probity he so deservedly bore.

Sir Philip spoke first:

"This is a sad business, Master Keller," he said. "It is a scandal to our good colony that such things should happen in our midst. Many years have passed, and such a thing has not occurred since I first set foot upon the soil of Virginia."

"You say true, Sir Philip," said Spencer. "A sad duty is before us. I have not fought so stiff a battle these fifteen years as I was forced to fight last night. Our worthy constable, Eben Stanforth, who will not believe these young men guilty, came to my house in search of Doctor Boyle, whom he accused of being in some way privy to the matter. Be it as it may, he will appear to-day and so give evidence. As we have so much to do, it were better to set about it now."

"As you will, Sir Judge. Where is Eben Stanforth?" said Master Conroy.

The worthy constable appeared, with his hard old head bound up in a cloth, and traces of blood upon his face. A smile ran round the assembly of lookers-on, for it was not a strange thing to see honest Eben with a broken head.

"Bring in the participants in the riot last night," said Spencer.

Eben bowed stiffly, and marched out again, with the same unchanging face. Shortly after he returned, assisted by several deputies, and brought into the large room the young gentlemen who had been engaged in the trouble at the Queen

Most of them were downcast and abashed before the elders, who regarded them with looks of stern anger.

"Silence in the court!" roared Eben Stanforth, "and I hereby warn all to refrain, by word, look, gesture or the like, from disturbing the peace of the same."

"Call Doctor Boyle," said Spencer. "Doctor Boyle, you are called before this council to give evidence in regard to the riot of last night. Swear him."

Eben went through the formula with a face which expressed a grave doubt whether the doctor would regard an oath in the least. Honest Eben had no faith in the doctor.

The latter gave a comprehensive account of the quarrel, which bore very hard upon Braxton Keller. There were points which so keen a man as Doctor Boyle might have passed over, and at the same time regarded his oath. He omitted nothing which would go to convict Braxton Keller, and there was a growing feeling that he intended to make his evidence as hard against the accused as possible. The insult to the Indian girl was recounted at length. The attempt to kill his brother elicited a murmur of horror from every one in the room. And as Doctor Boyle stepped down, the audience felt that Braxton Keller was doomed, either to death or banishment.

"Call Rena, the Shawnee girl."

Braxton, who was without counsel, and up to this time had been sitting in moody silence, gnawing at the ends of his long mustaches, sprung to his feet.

"I appeal to the judgment of this court," he cried. "If the life or liberty of a Christian is to be sworn away by heathens, then the fiend take all."

"You are too hot, Master Keller," said the elder Conroy. "The maiden must be examined. Who can tell in which way her evidence will tend, whether for or against you?"

Eben Stanforth stepped out, and directly after the sound of voices in loud altercation was heard in the next room. Rena had refused to enter with him, because she had seen him at the head of the party which assailed her chief the night before. Sir Philip whispered to Egbert, and the young man rose hastily and went out. Rena, the moment she saw him, gave him her hand.

"Go with you," she said. "Bad man, this."

"You do wrong to honest Eben," said Egbert. "But come with me."

A buzz of surprise and admiration ran round the room as he entered, leading her by the hand. Many a man in that room had seen the gayety and beauty of English life, but they had never dreamed of such beauty as this, taken from the woods. Sir Philip bent forward and whispered to Spencer.

"Is it possible she is an Indian? At any rate her blood is not pure."

"Masters of the council," cried Braxton, "how say you? Can this heathen woman give evidence?"

"Do you object?" said Spencer.

"Ay."

"Then I give it as my opinion that her evidence will not stand."

"I say the same," said Sir Philip.

"And I," said Master Conroy. "Let the witness be removed. Call Egbert Swayne."

As the trial proceeded, it became evident that none of the participants in the fray had any knowledge of the matter, with the exception of Braxton Keller, Doctor Boyle, and Egbert Swayne. And all had been drinking. The evidence of many of the witnesses went to show that the doctor had much to do with getting the party intoxicated, but to Eben Stanforth's intense disappointment, they failed to show any evil intent in it. The evidence was concluded, and the audience dismissed, while the prisoners were locked up again.

In the afternoon they assembled, and the council took their seats, their determination written on their faces. The prisoners were brought in, Braxton Keller leading with a firm, swinging step.

Spencer rose.

"It becomes our duty to give you the sentence of this court. Prisoners, stand forth, except Braxton Keller."

The young men obeyed.

"It is the belief of the court that you were betrayed into this by excess of wine, otherwise a heavy judgment would

be pronounced against you. The decree of the court is, that you shall be forbidden to wear arms for the space of forty days. Any one of you breaking this command will be summarily dealt with."

He sat down, and Sir Philip rose.

"Braxton Keller, stand forth. It is the decree of the court that you be banished forever from Virginia. It is agreed that a man of your temper can not be allowed in the colony. It is only the fact that your brother is an ornament to the bench where he sits, that we do not decree a heavier judgment against you. If at any time you be found within these colonies, you die the death. Have you any thing to say against your sentence?"

Braxton rose slowly, and his malignant eyes traversed the room from end to end. He saw there men with whom he had consorted for many years, and hardly one among them seemed to pity him. He saw Maud Spencer, whom he loved yet. He saw Ada and Rena, standing side by side. Last of all his eyes rested upon the face of Doctor Boyle, who was smiling in a malignant way.

"There is much which I might say against this sentence," he said. "I might urge that I have served this colony faithfully these many years, and never in my life have done an act which would wound the commonwealth. I can understand how a brother's hate, and that brother in power, can operate against a wretch such as I am. I charge that vile wretch who sits beside you with my overthrow. He has hated me, as I have hated him, from manhood to this time. When he was in the Turkish wars and we never heard from him, I was something of worth. But, when he came again, I had but my younger brother's portion. Every thing I cared for, he took as his right. I accuse him—"

"Stop," said Sir Philip. "This can not be permitted."

"Let him speak, in God's name," said Spencer, "if it is any comfort to him. God is my witness, I never knew his hate until last night, and I never hated him in all my life."

"Go on," said Sir Philip. "But be more circumspect."

"I say no more of him. But I have a few words yet to speak before I go. You see that villain sitting yonder, with

his angel face and devil's body. Doctor Boyle, I mean. There is the man who worked my overthrow. In all that I have done, he has been near me. His was the hand to press the wine-cup to my lips ; and when, at last, he has used me until I can no longer be of service to him, he casts me away like a broken tool, for which there is no further use. Let me tell you to beware of that man ! If he has his will, he will work great harm to this town. God grant he may."

Doctor Boyle spread out his hands in a gesture of deprecation, but did not say a word to refute what the prisoner said.

"I have little more to say. I go to meet my doom. You might at least have taken life, since you have taken all which makes life pleasant. The wide world lies before me. Anywhere I may go, but never more to Virginia. I had hoped to grow up with the colony, and leave a family who might make my name revered in the land. That may not be. Ah, Boyle, you devil, take that !"

Before any one could interfere he had a pistol out and pointed at the doctor. The pistol cracked, but Eben Stanforth struck up the weapon, and the bullet whistled harmlessly through the air. Seeing that the hope of revenge was gone, he calmly waited for the last words of the judge.

"You shall pass from this place back to prison. Tomorrow you shall be put on board the ship which sails for Plymouth, never to return. With the penalty of death before you if you dare to oppose this, go. Put as many miles as you can between us, but never set foot again upon Virginian soil."

The look of deadly threatening in his dark eyes caused a thrill to pass through the assembly, and they swayed to and fro as a forest is moved by the wind. His face was ghastly, and he raised his wrists, now heavily fettered, high above his head. Like Catiline, he was proud before his judges.

"I obey your commands, perforce ; but, bear in mind, Braxton Keller never forgets, and this shall one day come home to Virginia, in a way they little wot of. Lead on, old Roundhead. You at least are like a faithful dog, and only seize upon those pointed out by your masters."

Eben Stanforth had laid his hand upon the shoulder of the speaker to lead him away, when a tumult arose in the outer room. The crowd parted and swayed back. There was a heavy trampling of feet, and the next moment half a dozen men entered, dragging in Kee-na-too. His hands were held firmly and his dress was in disorder, bearing marks of a recent struggle. The judges sprung to their feet in surprise, while people spoke confusedly, not knowing the meaning of this. Kee-na-too, by a mighty effort, cast off their claspings hands, and bounded into the center of the room, a grim object to look upon. In the struggle he had been wounded quite badly in the head, and the blood was trickling slowly down his face. Folding his arms, and flashing a terrible look upon his captors, he fronted the judges and cried, in a voice which seemed to fill the house from end to end :

“I am here! What do you want with me?”

CHAPTER VIII.

KEE-NA-TOO IN A CLOUD.

“WHAT is this, sir?” said Spencer, angrily, turning to the foremost of the men who had dragged the chief into their presence. “Who among you has been so bold as to take this chief without warrant?”

“I beg your pardon, your worship,” said the man, in an apologetic tone. “But, last night, under the lead of Eben Stanforth, we attempted to take this Shawnee and Doctor Boyle. They resisted, and we were beaten. Some of us have been searching ever since, and at last found him on an island in the river. He was only taken after a severe struggle.”

“You are brave fellows,” said Spencer, scornfully. “I admire your courage. How dare you peril the safety of this colony by an insult to a man who is the head of the Shawnee nation, and upon whose friendship we rely.”

“Your worship, he nearly killed Eben Stanforth last night,

and Doctor Boyle ran Willis through the body. It has come to a pretty pass if a red heathen like this has the right to murder our men."

"Silence. You were the assailants; you confess it, and I saw, with my own eyes, that you commenced the fray last night."

An angry sound began to be heard in the room. Should their sons and brothers be degraded, and an Indian escape? The populace began to cry for the punishment of the Shawnee; but Spencer was firm.

"You must do something," said Sir Philip, "or they will surely mob him when he leaves the house."

"Then we, who are gentlemen, will draw our swords and defend him. You are an old man, Sir Philip, and you know well what it is to lose the friendship of the Shawnee, the strongest tribe upon our frontier, now that the Pottawotamies are passing away."

"I know it; but the people are excited. If we could send him to prison for a day or two it might be well," said Sir Philip.

"Better kill him where he stands, Sir Philip. I beg your pardon; but you do not know the Indian as well as I do. You would make an inveterate enemy of him by the course you propose."

"Let some one speak," cried the chief, advancing still nearer, and striking the table, before which the judges sat, with his clenched hand. "Let some one say why a chief of the great Shawnee nation has been so disgraced."

"Keep silence," said Eben Stanforth, raising his hand to strike him. Something in the eye of the chief told the old soldier that it would be death to him to give the blow, and with great prudence he forbore.

"Stand back, Eben Stanforth," cried Spencer. "Let the chief come forward. What have you to say to us, Keena-too?"

"I must know why I am here," said the chief.

"I can not tell. It was not ordered by us. The men did it without orders."

"That is not enough. A chief of the Shawnees can not be insulted and nothing be said."

"What can we say?" whispered Spencer to Master Conroy.

They were in a quandary. The doctor, by a few bitter and caustic words, addressed to the right person, had stirred up that portion of the assembly likely to rebel, and a hoarse murmur was passing through the room. "Hang him!" "Down with the Indian!" "To prison!" "The red heathen!"

Spencer heard the cries; but so adroitly had the master of mischief done his work, that not even the man to whom he first spoke would have said that he incited him to action. There seemed to be a spirit of diabolism in the doctor, which prompted him to set all persons by the ears.

"Clear the room," said Keller. "By the life of my body, we will see whether the very presence of the council is to be made the place for rebellious cries. Clear the room, I say."

A dozen of the guard, armed with muskets, pushed their way into the room, and began to drive out the motley group which filled it. They resisted. Swords were drawn, and for a moment, a deadly fray seemed imminent. But this was not the doctor's cue. His chief design, while it was to make Spencer Keller odious in the eyes of the people, was, at the same time, to set himself up as a law-abiding citizen. He sprang upon the table and cried out to the people to listen to him.

No man in the colony could employ such language as the doctor. His speech was long remembered. He called upon them by every sacred tie to bethink themselves, before they plunged into rebellion. The people of the colony, he said, had long been known as the most loyal of the men who had left old England for the New World. Not a set of canters and finical rogues, like the people of Plymouth, but men who, while they sometimes appealed to the sword, drew it only in the cause of reason and justice. He called upon them to remember that they stood in the highest tribunal in the colony, and that if this was set at naught, there was no safety for them in the future. Villainy, like this which has just been unmasked, would then ride unimpeded through the land.

"I would see justice done, men of Virginia," he said. "But what is justice? We must be just both to ourselves and

to the colony; but the colony stands before self. We hope that this land has a glorious future. I myself, gifted with a prophet's eye, can see no end to the glory which lies beyond. In later times this colony will take the lead in the councils of the nation; we shall build up, and furnish rulers to the rest. Therefore, oh my countrymen, see to it that you do yourselves no wrong.

"As for the chief, I will say of him that he was in no case the aggressor. Only when he was assailed by numbers he defended himself and saved my life. And I should be worse than an ingrate if I did not stand by him now."

The people are easily led. They cheered the speaker lustily, which he liked. But they went even further than that. They cheered Sir Philip, Master Conroy, and Spencer, which was not exactly what the doctor wanted. However, he had made himself popular, and that was something, if he had not weakened the power of his enemy.

"Thus do I lead the goodly people," he muttered, "as I would lead an ass, by the nose. Sit fast, Spencer Keller. One day I will shake you in your seat."

The chief again demanded attention.

"The Shawnee has always been the friend of the white man. Never until now has a chief of the tribe been insulted, and nothing done in return."

"I am sorry this has happened," said Spencer; "very sorry indeed."

"And shall the men who did it be punished?" demanded the chief.

"I am afraid I can not promise you that, chief. They thought they were doing their duty."

"Then Kee-na-too must go back to his people with a sad heart. He will say to them that his brothers have refused to do him justice. I do not know what they will say. Whatever they speak, that the chief must do. He can only obey the voice of the people. When they speak, it is only for the chief to obey their command."

"Does the fellow mean to threaten?" said Conroy, who did not have the knowledge of the Indian which Spencer Keller had.

"Be careful sir," said Spencer. "Something must be done."

"Make no further concessions," said Sir Philip. "The men thought themselves in the right."

"No doubt. Well, gentlemen, I am in the minority. Answer the chief as you please, Sir Philip."

"We can say nothing more, Kee-na-too. We are sorry this thing happened. It was not advised by us."

The chief bowed his head a moment, as if in thought. Then he beckoned to Rena, and she came and stood by his side. But, Spencer Keller now rose.

"What do you propose to do, Kee-na-too?"

"I will go back to my people. Rena, the light of the Shawnee, will go too."

"Why not leave her a little longer with us? My wife loves her."

"She must go with me. The way would be sadder if Rena was not by my side."

"What claim has he upon her?" said Sir Philip. "Does the girl wish to go?"

Rena turned a frightened look at the speaker, and crept closer to the side of the chief. He took her hand in his, and advanced toward the door. But the guard stood there with his musket, and would not let him pass. The chief gave him a terrible look, and laid his hand upon his weapon, in a threatening manner.

"Stop a moment, chief," said Master Conroy. "The prisoner who was this moment sent away has placed a paper in my hand, which says that this girl is not an Indian, but a white girl. What do you say to this?"

Without answer, the chief suddenly seized the guard by the waist and dashed him to the earth. Before any one could lift a hand to stay them, the pair were out of the house, and running toward the river-side. Some would have pursued, but Spencer recalled them.

"You did well not to stop them," said Doctor Boyle. "The girl is his wife. He had a right to her."

"He did not tell me they were married," said Spencer.

"They have been married this six months. The chief told me last night, but thought it best to conceal it while in the

village. What was said about her being a white girl, Master Conroy?"

"Simply this: Eben Stanforth gave me a penciled note just now, from the hand of Braxton Keller, saying that this is a white girl. I do not know if it be true, or whether it is got up by the mischievous fellow to give us trouble."

"I have sometimes thought she was too fair for an Indian," said the doctor. "I am something of a physiognomist, too, and it seems to me I trace a resemblance between her and some one I can not now call to mind. If she is the chief's wife, you can not take her from him."

"I should not try, unless we could find it out to a verity."

The court broke up, and the people dispersed to their homes. An hour later, one of Eben Stanforth's emissaries came up to Keller's, bringing a letter for Maud. It was from Braxton, asking an interview with her, upon a matter of moment to her. She at once put on her hat, as her husband was out, and went down to the prison. She was so well known in Jamestown that the door was opened to her without delay. Eben led her to a strong door, in the north-east angle of the building. He unlocked the door and swung it back. Braxton, heavily ironed, was seated on a bench in one corner of the cell.

"You have come, then," he said. "Excuse me for not rising to receive you. These gentlemen, in their tender care lest I should roam abroad, have done me the kindness to make me sure. Will you leave me alone for a while, Eben Stanforth?"

"Yes. But no trick, Master Keller. I shall be within call."

"You have me safe enough," said Braxton, bitterly. "I am incapable of evil, though the insults which have been heaped upon me are enough to raise the devil in a milder man than I am."

Eben went out, and left the two face to face. She could not but note how the last two hours had changed him. A sort of gray pallor had crept into his face, which she had never seen before. It was not in a woman's heart, at least in a heart like Maud Keller's, not to pity him.

"You will believe me when I say that I am sincerely sorry

to see you here, Braxton," she said; "and yet you were always my enemy."

"No," he answered, "never that. I will forget that you jilted me for my brother, when the devil, who always stood his friend, brought him back in safety from the war in Africa, where he was hand in glove with the Bey of Tunis. I wish his sublime majesty could only have had the grace to hang him."

"I must not stay to hear you speak against him," she interrupted. "I never loved you. Our parents had decided that the estates must be joined, and when we thought Spencer dead, I did not refuse you, for I knew my father's iron will. But, when he came back, who took my pledge at our parting, I was glad to break with you."

"Enough of that. Do not say I had not cause to hate the man who robbed me of wealth which I only coveted for your sake. The time has come when the secret which has weighed me down so long is useless to me. You have not forgotten your lost child, Maud?"

"Forgotten her! Oh, my God! can a mother ever forget?"

"I stole her. Do you hear? I watched in a thicket while Spencer labored, and you sat by him and cheered him in his toil. I do not know why I concealed myself; perhaps I meant to kill him. At any rate, my purpose changed when you laid the babe down. I snatched it up and fled. Ha! I think now of that weary walk. Often I was tempted to throw the brat into the river, but I did not."

"Oh, gracious heaven! where is the child?"

"I left her on the mountain, where she was picked up by a young Indian."

"Of what tribe?"

"I will not tell."

"Is she living?"

"Yes," replied the man.

"Will you not tell me where to find my child, Braxton? I ask it on my knees. You were not wont to listen unmoved to my prayers. How you must hate me. You have seen my agony all these years, and have not spoken. Powers above, look down and soften this man's heart!"

"Now my punishment is turned to a source of joy," he cried. "I never hoped to see *you* at my feet. This is a sweet revenge! My heart hath yearned for it these many years. Tell you where she is? You can not dig it from my heart's core. I have seen her; she bears somewhat of her mother's beauty. Ha! ha! ha! How the cruelties we practice upon others come home to us in an hour like this!"

He said no more. Maud, turning her eyes toward heaven had fallen senseless to the earth.

CHAPTER IX.

BY THE BLOOD OF THE KELLERS!

BRAXTON KELLER sat like a statue carved in bronze until the lady revived. The first object which met her gaze was his set face, looking fixedly at her. She saw no sign of relenting in his eyes. He had waited too long for his revenge to give it up readily, and she was not slow to see it. The proud lady again assumed sway. She would not crave a boon which might never be granted. Her child was alive. There was something in that. Whether she should ever see its face and know it for her child, Heaven alone knew. Of this she was certain, she would never gain the knowledge through the agency of the man who sat before her. He had sent for her to plant the seeds of doubt and suspicion in her mind, and the work was done. There was no pity in the steady glare with which he eyed her.

"You have told me something, nevertheless," she said. "I know that she lives, and something tells me I shall see her yet."

"Dismiss the thought forever. You will never know her. But one other man upon earth knows that she lives and is your child; and he hates all your race in such a deadly fashion, that I am certain he never will comfort you with the knowledge you crave."

He did not yet know what was in the heart of his

quondam friend, Doctor Boyle, or his capacities for mischief

Maud rose and called to Eben, who was not far off. As his step sounded along the corridor, she again turned to the culprit.

"I bid you good-by forever, Braxton Keller."

A sort of shudder passed through his stalwart frame. *Forever!* It seemed a long word, and one he had never thought to hear her speak. It was something to hate her for her seeming perfidy to him, and yet be near her. Something to bear in mind that he had loved her tenderly. But, to be forever apart! To know that she could never regard him except with loathing. The last glance she gave him, was one of scorn, mingled with pain. The last! He drew a long breath as she disappeared, and then, casting himself down upon the stone floor, he gave way to a burst of passionate grief, like that of a child. It was terrible while it lasted, and when it was over he rose without a trace of the passion which had so scarred his soul in its passage, like a track of fire.

Six months passed. The winter had come and gone, and since the day when Kee-na-too was dragged a prisoner before the council, they had never seen him. Braxton Keller had taken all the ready money he could lay his hands on, and was gone. The master of the sloop which had taken him to Plymouth had returned, and reported that he had landed in that colony, but had not remained long. Where he had gone, no one knew. Doctor Boyle used to say that they had not seen the last of Braxton Keller. In conference with the Moor, who, under his care, was rapidly recovering, he was open in saying that this man would yet do them some harm.

Doctor Boyle had been gone for some weeks from the village. One day he rode in with an escort of half a dozen Shawnee braves, who left him at the outskirts of the village and immediately turned back upon the trail. The face of the doctor was triumphant, and full of malice. He went straight to the house, and shouted aloud for Alaric. The

Moor came quickly at his call. He wore a green shade over his eyes, but otherwise was in as good condition as ever.

"My trusty Moor," said Boyle, "the time has come at last! Go you to Spencer Keller, and ask him to come to me, and bring his haughty wife. I will wring them so, that they might better be in their graves."

Alaric promptly set out upon his mission. He found them at home and delivered his master's message, adding that it was of the greatest importance that they should come at once. Spencer Keller at once complied, and the strange man received them in the midst of his horrible collection, grimly smiling.

"You have sent for us, worthy sir," said Keller, "and we are here. What do you wish to say to us? I should not have been in any way surprised if you had sent for me alone, but what you can have to say which may interest my lady, I am far from understanding."

"It concerns her nearly," said the doctor, smiling, "or be sure I should never have troubled her at this time when I am but lately returned from a journey. It is something which has been upon my mind for some time, I assure you."

"Then let us hear it at once," said Spencer. "Excuse me for saying that we have an engagement this evening. We dine with Sir Philip."

"So do I. It lacks two hours yet of the baronet's feast, which I would by no means slight. It will not take long to tell my tale, and when I am done, go to the dinner, with what appetite you may."

"Let us know what you mean," said Spencer. "Maud, you are pale. This horrible room seems to have infected you. Excuse me if I say that this is hardly a lady's boudoir."

"You are right. To my tale then. Nearly sixteen years ago, you lost a child. It was at that time two years of age. You have not forgotten it, sir; neither has your lady. I have seen it in her eyes on every anniversary of that day until this hour."

"You know a mother never forgets, doctor. My darling Maud, how pale you are. Hasten, my dear sir."

"That child did not die."

"I know it," cried Maud, starting up. "Oh, sir, let me speak. I have not liked you, I admit it. There always was something in your face which repelled me. But if you know where my child is, and will tell me, I will fall down at your feet and bless you. I will remember you always in my prayers, and pray hourly that God will forgive me for some times harboring bitter thoughts of you. Will you not tell me?"

"It is a bargain," said the doctor. "I need prayers badly enough. Yes, I will tell you where your child is, and how you may find her. But I fear, when I tell you this, you will rather wish her laid in her grave, than be what she now is. However, to my tale."

"Speak quickly."

"Your lost child," said the doctor, rising quickly, "is Rena, the wife of Kee-na-too, chief of the Shawnees."

He had hardly spoken the words when Spencer Keller gave a sudden leap, and, seizing him by the shoulders, shook him as the terrier shakes a rat. "Speak, you mummy. Speak, you vile hound. Did you know of this before? Was it not your plan? I have suspected you."

Putting out his long arms, the doctor tore away the clasp-
ing hands of his enemy. "Off!" he shouted. "Let me have my say out. I did not steal your child. How am I to blame? Any other man would have your heart's blood for this insult."

"Where have you been this two weeks? Answer me that."

"In the Shawnee village. I promised Kee-na-too to go to him when he needed me, and I am happy to say that you are now grandfather. No matter. Your son will be chief of a nation."

"You taunting devil. All this is your work. You can not deceive me."

"You wrong me. Your worthy brother was the man who stole your child. Your wife knows it."

"And you have not told me of this before?" said Spencer, reproachfully.

"Why should I add your grief to my own?" said Maud

"No, Spencer. I would not do that. But, this is a terrible blow. How long have you known this?"

"Some fifteen or sixteen years," said the doctor, carelessly. "At least, for that period of time I have known that the child was among the Shawnees, and was brought up as the child of Gee-en-ta-wah, the father of Kee-na-too."

"Man, man, what was your object?"

"It is plain enough. Braxton Keller was my friend. If I told you that your child was among the Shawnees, I must also tell you how she came there. It was only when I knew that Braxton had confessed that I had the power to speak."

"You have spoken now, and you have missed your object. The Kellers are proud, but their pride does not extend to matters like this. The child is mine, and I will have her, though I lead a troop through the very heart of the Shawnee country to effect the object."

"You dare not do it."

"Dare I not? We shall see. But first you shall account to me for your part in this. Expect a messenger from me to-night. To-morrow we meet; and on the next day we will be away into the mountains, to see my child. But I will do the chief no wrong."

"Will you take him home with you?" sneered the doctor.

"Maud, let us go home. I will teach you what your boasted sword-play is worth, Seigneur Doctor. By the blood of the Kellers, I will make the scoundrel rue this night's work."

The moment they were gone Alaric stole from the dark corner in which he had been ensconced, eager to follow. But the doctor restrained him.

"Where wouldst thou go, Alaric?"

"I would follow—I would plunge my dagger to the hilt in the back of the Christian dog."

"Tush, man. A fool's vengeance. Bravely as he bears it, I have wrung his proud heart to the quick. And I will wring it more. He shall not have her; I tell you that. No, by my life and soul, he shall not."

"What if he kill you in to-morrow's battle?"

"Kill me! Know you to whom you speak? Am I a man to be outdone in sword-play, by such a thing as this?"

"Yet, when he was in Tunis, I heard it said that no one could compete with him in all the manly arts."

"Silence. I fear him not. Get thou my sword, and look well that it has sustained no injury in the battles through which I have passed. 'Tis a good blade; but the best steel snaps at last. Or stay, bring me that Toledo blade which Juan of Austria gave me, after I killed his fencer. There is no better steel on earth."

Alaric went out, and brought his master the weapon he asked for. It was a strangely carved hilt, richly set with gold and diamonds. Boyle unsheathed the blade and looked keenly at it.

"No fracture that I can see. But to try it."

Setting the point into the heavy plank, he bore his weight upon the blade. The lithe steel bent nearly double, but the moment he removed the pressure sprung back to its place with a clear, metallic ring.

"That is something like it. Some one knocks. Go to the door."

Alaric admitted Philip C-nroy, who bowed slightly as he took a seat.

"I come to you at the instance of Spencer Keller. He considers himself aggrieved by you, and claims the right to call you to the field. Will you refer me to some one who will act as your second?"

"Certainly. Alaric will do."

"I had expected that you would at least refer me to a gentleman."

"Will not a prince suffice you? That is strange. Alaric has the royal blood of Morocco in his veins."

"Very good. Then we will confer, if you please. Our conference need not be long."

"I myself will give you the terms. The weapons shall be swords; the time, to-morrow at eight o'clock; the place, the clearing in the woods, by the deserted cabin of Willis Leyford."

"A very good place. We shall not quarrel as to terms."

Come attended only by your follower. I shall accompany Master Keller."

"Very good. There is nothing more that need detain us, I believe?"

"Nothing. I bid you good-evening."

With these words, Philip rose, and left the room. Immediately the doctor burst into a hearty laugh.

"He is prompt," said he. "Attend to the house, Alaric. I must go to the dinner at Sir Philip's. I wonder if my antagonist will be there? I suppose so."

He found Spencer at the dinner, and took a seat as far from him as possible. The guests quickly understood that something was wrong between the two, and little was said. Maud was not present, and Spencer made his excuses early in the evening. The moment he was gone, Doctor Boyle became the life of the assembly. His "*gros mots*" electrified the audience, and no one would have believed that he was engaged to fight a duel "*l'outrance*" on the morrow.

He was on the ground in time. The spot was well chosen. A sort of amphitheater in the forest, in the center of which stood the ruined walls of a little cabin, which had its tale of massacre to tell. A piteous tale no doubt. Spencer was there, and the two principals stood apart while the seconds measured the weapons, which they found correct to a hair. Alaric and Philip, with drawn swords, stood each close to the combatants.

"Set to!" cried Philip.

Their blades crossed and the sparks flew from the bright steel. Before they had made three passes the doctor knew that he had no ordinary fencer to deal with. The positions of Spencer showed an ease and grace which his antagonist had not looked for. His passes were quick as lightning, his parries perfection. He left no opening for a thrust, and when the doctor's point shot out, it always encountered the opposing steel. The grass under foot, so green and fresh when they first stepped upon it, became trampled and stained. Doctor Boyle tried every artifice to draw this stubborn enemy from his guard. But he tried in vain. The clear eyes of the judge saw every advantage. Once, in a close combat, the doctor nearly lost his sword by the strength of his antagonist's wrist,

and it made him cautious. After some moments, they paused by mutual consent and leaned upon their swords, panting for breath. The respect which a man naturally feels for valor took something from their rancor.

"Soul of my body, man," cried the doctor. "It will be something to boast of when I have conquered you."

"If, you mean."

"No. I shall conquer."

"Say you so? Then to your guard."

Again the sharp hiss of the steel sounded, and again the men grew fierce in the conflict, unheeding the cry of Philip :

"He who strikes a foul stroke, I will run him through the body."

Both men knew that it was life or death now. The drops of sweat began to start out upon the forehead of Doctor Boyle. He had not the iron endurance of his antagonist ; he realized that advantage, and determined to thwart it. With this object in view, he played steadily, making no assault, and parrying the desperate lunges of his antagonist with ease. Carte and counter-carte. Boyle began to think he had an easy job, after all.

Ten minutes of desperate fighting !

Each saw that the decisive moment was coming, and for the first time Doctor Boyle felt that he would be forced to yield the palm to one whom he hated with deadly force. He struggled with all the power of his muscular arm to keep off his fate. It was useless. The arm against which his hitherto matchless blade was opposed was as peerless as that of Bayard or Crichton. His blade was wrenched from his hand, and he stood helpless, at the mercy of his enemy. Uttering a cry like a mad brute, the Moor lifted his blade, and sprung at the victor. But, quick to interpose, Phil was before him, and their blades crossed.

"Strike !" roared Boyle. "Strike while you have the power. Strike, as I would have struck you if *I* had the power ! A curse upon you ! Will you never end the scene ?"

"You ask me to do a wicked and cowardly act, which is not in my nature," said the judge. "Take up your sword, sir. I will not strike an unarmed man ; and more, I know

that this victory is a greater blow to your pride than any death I could give you. That is revenge enough for me."

"You do well to pride yourself upon it," said the doctor moodily. "This blade was never matched before."

"Sheathe your sword," said the judge, "and henceforth never draw it in a cause like this. And hereafter, when you seek for vengeance for a real or fancied wrong, seek it as you have sought it now—foot to foot and blade to blade. You have done me a mighty wrong. Why you have done it, before God, I do not know. That I have always treated you as a gentleman, I know well. I have even deferred to you in many things. But— Ha! what means this? Down with your swords, you two! Why do you fight?"

"Cease, Alaric," cried Boyle. "Sheathe your sword. The battle is over, and I am conquered."

"But I am not," shrieked Alaric. "Neither will I be, by a boy like this."

"Stand back, I say. This is no time nor place for useless quarrels. When it is time to draw your blade, you shall know it; but not now."

"I entreat you, Doctor Boyle," said the judge, "to let us know our quarrel with you. That you have wronged me, I have your word; but that I have ever willingly or knowingly wronged you, I solemnly deny."

The doctor shook his head. There was something in the kind tone of the speaker which woke some sympathy in his heart. A chord which had long ceased to vibrate to any tender feeling, was touched. But, he would not speak. Sheathing his sword, and calling to Alaric to follow, he strode away down the green clearing, never turning his head to look at the pair who followed behind. To Alaric he did not speak a word. Some strange thoughts were in his mind.

CHAPTER X.

THE FATHER'S MISSION.

SPENCER KELLER could not bear the thought that a child of his, the first and dearest, should be reared in the midst of the unhallowed influences of an Indian camp. A conference with some of the more daring spirits of the colony resulted in hurried whisperings between them, followed by active preparations for an expedition. Before nightfall on that day, fifty well-armed men silently took their course along the stream.

The tribes near at hand, which, when the first colony was planted at Jamestown, mustered in great force, had lost their ancient prowess, else they would never have suffered his hardy band to march on undisturbed. But the vices of the white man had been too much for the simple tribes. The curse of drink had thinned their ranks, until, of the great tribe of which Powhatan had been king, then mustering three thousand bowmen, scarce two hundred remained; and these were enfeebled by whisky, until there was nothing to fear from them. The sword, in all its days of horror, never did such work as the liquor which the whites brought. Spencer Keller knew that nothing was to be feared from this tribe; but, further north and west, were the great tribes which had never bowed the knee unto Baal, the Delaware and the Shawnee. Once in their country, and they must look for flying arrows and glittering knives.

The path which lay before them was a long one, but Spencer knew it well. One of his first acts, upon coming into power, had been to go with a mission to the Shawnee village, and make a peace with Kee-na-too. The terms of this treaty showed the acute mind of the savage. He agreed to keep the peace so long as no armed bands of Englishmen penetrated his domain. But, he would declare it null the moment more than five armed whites were seen together in the Shawnee country. This treaty had been strictly kept up to this time

But, having set foot in the country with his men, peace was at an end, as Spencer well knew.

He was too old a soldier not to take every precaution. Five or six trusty men, long trained in forest lore, took the advance, to give notice of the approach of the Shawnees, if any appeared upon the trail.

Doctor Boyle was with the party, as was also the Moor Alaric. The little of battle which the Moor had tasted in his short combat with Phil Conroy, had roused the old fever in his blood, and he was as eager as his master to go out. The band was on foot, the better to pass through the highlands which lay before them.

"Master," whispered the Moor. "You are not getting weak, I hope?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because your eyes no longer shine as they used to do, when you look on Spencer Keller. What does it mean?"

"I would he had not spared my life," muttered the doctor. "'Twas a brave and manly act, which only a brave man could do. I wish he had insulted me after, and had not spoken so kindly, and begged me to tell him what injury he had done me. After all, he did but his duty as a soldier."

"I knew it," hissed the Moor. "Your brain is softening. You are no longer what you were."

"If you would not have three inches of my sword in your bulky body, my most faithful Moor, let me beg of you to be more careful in your speech. Fool! Do you not know that, by withholding my aid from you, in a week you would be blind as a bat?"

"You told me I was nearly cured."

"In truth, I did. But, at this critical stage, if I abandoned you, what hope would you have? Bah! You do not think to measure minds with me?"

"No, master," said the Moor, humbly. "But I do not like to see vengeance slipping out of my grasp, when it is so nearly attained."

"Be silent. I am the best judge. My mind is in a tumult. I know that Spencer Keller did me an irretrievable injury, and yet I wish he had not spared me."

"'Tis easy to get your death if you crave it so much," said the Moor. "I am sorry that you have any feeling of pity in your heart, for the man who had none for us. A strange thing; I can not understand you."

"Nor will I explain myself."

"Will you aid him to get his daughter?"

"Why not? I have no spite against the girl," replied the doctor.

"Then I would that I had followed the fortunes of a man whose hatred never abated, and who is yet upon the path of his enemy. I speak of Braxton Keller."

"Seek him, then, since I will not suffice you," said the doctor, scornfully. "No more of this. They may overhear us."

They had left the level country, and were now in the uplands, and on the other side lay the fertile valleys which the Shawnee called his own. The grim hills rose, a barrier to keep out the foe. They reached the crest of the range, and from its top had a view of the land which Ke-na-too loved so well. An exclamation of pleasure broke from every lip. In all our broad land there is no country more beautiful than the grand old State in which the scenes of this tale are laid.

"That is the Shawnee country," said Spencer. "It is not strange that the chief is so jealous of the approach of invaders. So would we all be, if we inhabited this country."

"We shall do so in time," said the doctor. "There it lies. The hundred villages in yonder valley, before a century has passed, will give place to the more substantial towns which European enterprise will build up. It remains with us to say whether this work shall be done by us or by the French."

"By us, of course."

"It does not follow," said the doctor. "You must give the devil his due, and the French are showing a fund of talent in opening the way to this new land. We have no Frontenac among us."

"You say right. Few men are the equal of the chevalier."

"We must camp here," said Spencer. "I do not propose

to go with my whole force into the Indian village. We must try peaceful measures first."

"It will not do," said the doctor. "Kee-na-too loves the girl dearly, and will not give her up. And then, Rena might object. Who knows?"

"Do you mean to say that my daughter would refuse to go with me, when I had told her that she belongs to me?"

"The bond of father and daughter is strong," said the doctor. "That of mother and child stronger yet. But, beyond and above that, is the love of husband and wife. Let me counsel you. Do not be too rash in your movements. Meet the chief fairly, for I tell you that more is to be made by coaxing than by force."

"The men shall camp here," said Spencer. "I will go to the Indian village and see Kee-na-too. We can tell by his answer what can be done."

"Are you going alone?"

"No. You shall go with me."

They were standing a little apart from the rest, and no one could hear what they said. The face of Doctor Boyle expressed the utmost surprise.

"You have heard me avow myself your enemy?"

"Yes."

"And in the face of that you will venture yourself with me into an Indian village, where I am well received, upon a mission which is sure to endanger your life, and where I have only to lift my finger to insure your downfall? Do I understand you? Do you trust me?"

"I do, Doctor Boyle. God so deal with you, as you deal with me and mine."

A strange look came into the doctor's face. His revenge was in his own hands. Should he claim it or not? His former motives seemed to have passed away. A mist was before his eyes. This man he had hated and pursued for many years. He had run him to earth at last. But, this man had interposed his sword between him and death at the hands of the followers of Eben Stanforth. He had also spared him when, by the laws of the combat, his life was forfeit.

"I will go with you," he said, in the clear, but low voice

for which he was distinguished. "And I will do what I can."

The men made a camp in a secluded glen, far up the mountain side. They were not to appear in the affair if the art of persuasion could avail any thing in rescuing the lost child. Spencer felt a thrill pass through him as he thought of her. Young, beautiful, she might yet take her place among the wealthiest and proudest. Had not Pocahontas wedded Rolfe? And his daughter was the wife of an Indian. A shudder passed through his frame as he thought of this. Enjoining his men to be silent during his absence, to keep good watch, and to capture, if possible, any Indian who might be found lurking near their hiding-place, he called the doctor and they walked away together, side by side.

"You have no idea that Kee-na-too will consent to give her up?" said the doctor. "He would die first. If ever a man truly loved a woman, that man is Kee-na-too. And then, they have a child."

Spencer turned to look at him as he said this. "Do you know, doctor, that I think you do not hate me quite so much as before? When you said that just now in relation to the child, you did not say it as you said it when you told the tale to my wife."

"If I do not hate you as much, it is not because I have not the same reason," said the doctor, hurriedly. "Do not speak of that. I do not know my own heart yet. I can not tell whether I shall be your friend, or hate you more deadly than ever. Let us on about our business."

They reached the foot of the mountain and could see, behind a line of low hills just in front of them, a filmy smoke rising slowly upward.

"That is the village, I think," said Spencer, pointing.

They crossed the slope of the hills, and from the top beheld the village lying at their feet, with the smoke ascending slowly from the tops of the lodges. Many women and children could be seen among the dwellings. Here and there a tall warrior stalked up and down, in conscious pride of his strength and prowess. A number of dogs, which were prowling about on the outskirts of the village, set up a bark, that drew the attention of the women and children. A shrill

cry from them warned the warriors that something was wrong, and immediately after, three or four children whom they had not seen, ran into the village, crying—"Yengee Yengee!"

Startled at the cry, some of the warriors hurried out, and catching sight of the two men, ran for their arms, while other warriors came out of the lodges. One of these recognized the doctor, who was well liked in the village, and several of them ran to meet him, with many demonstrations of pleasure. They knew Spencer very well, but did not look so kindly upon his advent. But, as he came with the doctor, they made him welcome, while some one went for Kee-na-too. He came to meet them directly, was pleased to meet the doctor, but looked at Spencer with an eye of very little favor.

"What has brought the chief of the pale-faces to the lodges of the Shawnees?" he asked. "The Shawnees have not looked kindly upon the Yengees since their chief was bound and dragged into their places of punishment. Kee-na-too is not a fool, neither will he be disgraced by the white men."

"Let us not quarrel now," said Spencer. "I was as sorry for your disgrace as any one, and would have done any thing to avert it."

"And you would have kept Rena from me," muttered Kee-na-too, frowning darkly. "Rena is mine. I love her better than ever, now that she has a little child. It is a boy. One day it will be a chief, and then the heart of Kee-na-too, in his age, will leap for joy."

"I am sorry I did not succeed in keeping her then, Kee-na-too," said the judge, boldly. "It is about her I am here."

"Ha?" said Kee-na-too.

"I am here to ask you who the child is?" said he. "I am told that she is not a Shawnee, and that not a drop of Indian blood runs in her veins. Is it true?"

"It is true," said Kee-na-too, proudly. "What of that? Love her just the same."

"Where did you get her?"

"Found her on the mountain, many seasons ago. I was a

boy, and a man with a pale face but a black heart left the child to die. I took it up and warmed it to life in my bosom."

"Have you ever seen that man since?" said Spencer, eagerly.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In the big village by the water. He was the man who tried to make Kee-na-too drink fire-water."

"Braxton Keller," said the doctor. "You see I was right."

"What all this to you? Rena is Shawnee now. Every one love her. All women ready to wait upon her. Kee-na-too's wife is the first woman in the village," said the chief.

"I speak of it because she is mine," replied Spencer. "She is the child I lost nearly sixteen years ago. I have come to claim her."

A cry of rage broke from the lips of the chief. He saw all now. They had come to rob him of his treasure, if they could. He had suspected for a long time that this was the child of the judge, but had not dared to give his suspicion breath. But the time had now come when he must meet her father, and deny his claim.

"Remember that this is no work of mine," said Spencer. "My brother, whose name is gall and wormwood in my mouth, was the man who stole my child. I have come to claim her."

"Claim her!" said the chief. "Let my brother come here."

He took Spencer by the arm, and led him out upon the little eminence, which commanded a view of the valley.

"Does my brother see all this?" he said.

"What of that?" replied Spencer.

"Is it beautiful?"

"Yes."

"Why does not my father *claim* it?"

"How am I to understand it?" said Spencer. "Do you refuse to give her up to me?"

"Refuse! If you asked for this land, all Indian country, far as eye can see, and I mus' give up either this or Rena, the

land would go. She your child! She my *wife*. She carry my child upon her bosom. Look. I love her. I will not give her up. She came among the Shawnees when she was very young. She never knew what it was to love the white people. But now, she talks of the woman who is your wife, and of the girl who slept in the same bed with her at your house."

"Her mother and sister. Think what it is for them to know that the sister they love is here, and has been taught to look upon the whites as her enemies."

"Rena no one's enemy. Rena always kind," said the chief. "She love everybody well. Rena can be nothing else. Will you see her? Will you see what she will say when you ask her to leave her husband, and go with you to your home?"

"She will go at once," said Spencer.

"Then see," said the chief; "leave it to that. If she says she will go with you, then Kee-na-too will bury his grief in his heart and let her go. If she says she will stay, you must go away and leave her with me."

"Agreed; but you dare not trust her."

The eyes of the chief glittered like flame. He had confidence in the love of Rena for him.

Kee-na-too made a silent gesture to them to follow him, and they obeyed. The doctor had not said a word. They went to the lodge of Kee-na-too, who made them a signal to remain where they were, and opened the curtain and went in. A moment after he appeared, and asked them to follow him, which they did. Rena was sitting on a low seat covered with bear-skin, holding her child upon her knees, and looking down at it with an air of motherly pride. Seeing the doctor, she leaped up with a merry laugh, and laid the child in his arms.

"Kiss, kiss!" she said. "Very handsome boy, you said."

"And so it is," answered the doctor, smiling, as he obeyed the mandate and kissed the fine little fellow on the forehead. "But here is one who has a better right to take it than I."

"Good man," said Rena, taking the boy from the doctor.

and giving it to Spencer. "Kiss baby. Love Rena; love her child."

"I have a right to love you, dear child," said Spencer, "and I am here to claim you. You are my child—the little girl that I lost so many years ago."

Rena looked puzzled for a moment, and then a glance at her husband's face satisfied her that he spoke the truth. In her innocence she could only see pleasure in this, and laughed merrily again.

"Good father, good mother; all good. Rena loves them very much. She will come sometimes and bring the child, and the good mother will love it very much, because it is mine."

"Listen to me, Rena," said Spencer. "You do not understand. You must go with me and live in my house."

"Good house," said Rena. "We will go. Come, Kee-na-too; we will be very happy in the great house."

"You do not understand yet, Rena. *You* may go to my house with me, but Kee-na-too must stay here. There is a difference between you. He is an Indian; you are a white girl. You must try and forget him."

I do not think Spencer Keller meant to make so cruel a speech as this; but it was said, and the color left the brown cheek of the girl in a moment.

"Leave Kee-na-too; forget him?"

"It must be done."

"Because I am white?"

"Yes."

She quickly snatched away the hands which he had imprisoned in his, and buried her face upon the broad bosom of Kee-na-too. A look of unutterable triumph and joy flashed across his noble face.

"Have you spoken, Rena?" he said. "Will you stay with your husband, who loves you, or go away to the stranger? Will you forget the places where you played when you were a little child? I used to get you white flowers, and put them in your hair. My flower was fairer than they."

This was spoken in the Indian tongue, and loses somewhat of its poetry in translation.

"I will stay with you," said Rena.

"And what shall I say to your mother?" said Spencer. "She will be very sad when she knows that her daughter no longer loves her."

"Never tell her that," cried the girl, promptly. "Say to my mother that I love her. But tell her that I have a little child, and must leave it if I come to her. Say to her that there is no night when Rena does not talk to the Great Spirit for her."

"But, will you not come?"

"No. I love my husband."

"Remember your promise," said the doctor. "The chief will hold you to its faithful performance."

"I promised to go away if she would not come. So I will do; so I must. It seems a useless task. And my blood is in her veins. It is terrible."

"Say to my sister that I love her much," said Rena; "and my brother is beautiful. He will be a chief."

"Look you, chief," said Spencer. "I go as I promised. But you shall hear of this again before many days. My child I will have. I am not the man to leave her in an Indian village while I have an arm and a sword."

"I have an arm as well," said Kee-na-too; "and in defense of Rena it can do much. Let there be peace between us. Rena is your child, and you love her. She shall come to you often; but when she comes, her husband will be with her. I must speak to this man before you go. You tell him that Rena is his child?"

"Yes. But some one had told his wife before I did."

"Who was that?"

"Braxton Keller, the man who left Rena on the mountain."

"Boyle," said the chief, "I love you. But you have betrayed me. Come no more to the Indian village, or it will not be well with you. Kee-na-too can not forgive a man who talks too much."

"Come away," said the doctor. "It is of no use to stay here."

The two white men left the lodge and hurried away. Something in their manner satisfied the chief that all was not right. Hardly had the first line of hills hid them from view when he

followed on their trail, determined to know if they were alone in this expedition. Spencer was angry. His mission had resulted ill. The daughter for whose sake he had undertaken it preferred her Indian husband to him. The doctor said little. Matters had turned out very much as he expected, and he was in no wise disappointed.

They had passed the first line of hills and entered a thicket, when Boyle stopped and raised a warning finger.

"I thought I heard a step," said he.

"Nonsense," replied Spencer. "You are wrong."

"I may be ; but I am almost certain I heard some one. Let us go on cautiously, and if any one is following us, we shall find them out."

They had not proceeded a dozen paces when a flash of fire seemed to blaze before their eyes, and Doctor Boyle felt something like the lash of a whip strike his cheek. Raising his hand to the spot, he took it away covered with blood. A bullet had grazed his cheek. Uttering a shout, he made a bound toward the spot from which a cloud of white smoke was slowly rising. He found more than he expected. There was Kee-na-too, grappled by a stout fellow in a hunting garb, whose face they could not see. The two men were locked in a desperate grapple, and it seemed hard to tell who would conquer. The contest was soon decided. The strength of Kee-na-too was too much for his assailant, who fell to the earth, and Kee-na-too rose panting, kneeling on the chest of his captive, who was masked.

"Did he fire at us?" demanded Spencer, looking at the chief.

"Yes. I come behind ; catch his arm. You hurt?"

"A graze," said the doctor. "Nothing more. It will heal in a day or two. Who have you there?"

"Got something over his face," said the chief.

"A mask. Take it off, doctor," said Spencer.

Boyle obeyed, and revealed the face of Braxton Keller, livid with rage and fear.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAST ARROW.

THEY dragged the outcast to his feet, and began to question him. He remained obstinately mute, and would utter no sound. But, he looked at Doctor Boyle with a malignant eye. It was only when the doctor referred to the penalty which would follow his return to the colony, that Braxton spoke.

"Ay, it was you who was the enemy of Spencer Keller. It was you who hated him so bitterly that you thought it a mercy to kill him. Do you know why I fired at you instead of him? Because I hate you worse than I do him. Because you are a fouler traitor than he ever was. You got me into your power, and then you led me on, step by step, until—God's curse upon you!—do you laugh at me? Loose me a moment, chief—loose me, that I may take the life of that vile traitor."

"No, Kee-na-too, keep him fast," said Spencer; "and let me speak to him. I would have you know that your conduct has made you an outcast forever from my heart, but I wish you no wrong. Go away at once, and never return to Virginia; and when you amend your life, and become a better man than you now are, write and let us know."

"Speak not to me, Spencer Keller! I hate you badly enough now. Do you mean to let me go free, then?"

"Yes. Why should I retain you?"

"I warn you against it. I shall do you a mischief if you do this."

"I do not fear it. Go your way; but, if you again attempt murder, brother or no brother, you die the death."

"I understand that. As for you, chief, you shall rue the hour you stayed my arm."

Kee-na-too answered by a look of scorn. "See you again, take your scalp," he said.

Braxton picked up his rifle and walked quickly away. Spencer turned a look at the chief.

"You followed us," he said. "Had you any thing to say to us?"

"No," replied Kee-na-too; "I did not come for that. Do as you like; go where you please. Kee-na-too is free to go and come as he will in his own country. You leave it, to come back no more. Kee-na-too cares not, so that you leave the land behind."

"You are angry, chief," said Spencer. "But, have you as good cause to be angry as I? You have robbed me of the child I love, and yet you send me out of your country with haughty words. Beware!"

"I fear not," said Kee-na-too. "Rena is mine. I love her, and will keep her. Kee-na-too is not a fool."

With an angry glance, Spencer turned away, and the doctor followed. After a walk of a half-mile, he came close to Spencer and whispered:

"Perhaps I am suspicious by nature, but I believe the chief has followed us to find if we are alone."

"If I thought so, I would turn back and capture him."

"I believe it firmly. Watch me, and when I give the signal, hide."

They hurried on quickly for a dozen yards, and turned the point of a protruding hill. Here he gave the signal, and they sprung suddenly behind a rock. A moment after Kee-na-too appeared, following like a hound upon the trail. Incensed that the chief should follow them again, Spencer gave the doctor a sign, and they sprung upon the Indian together. Taken completely by surprise, they had him down before he was fairly aware of his danger. Even then, his giant strength very nearly set him free. But, after a severe struggle, they succeeded in making him fast. The face of the chief evinced the most terrible grief and rage, and he made an effort to break his bonds.

"You have brought it on yourself," said Spencer. "Why did you follow us?"

But Kee-na-too did not look at him. His eye, blazing with rage, was fixed upon the face of the doctor. It was evident that he looked upon him as the author of all this trouble.

"Boyle," said he, holding out his imprisoned hands, "see; this your work. You come here when I call; you learn the

way to the land ; now see : you tell Yengee his daughter my wife ; you bring him here. Good. Some day I take your scalp."

"You must come with us," said Spencer. "If you had allowed us to go our way, and had not followed us, this could never have happened. Of course you understand that."

"No talk," said the chief ; "that no good. Where you take me ?"

"You will find that in time. Go in front. Boyle, draw your sword and guard him. He must not be allowed to escape."

They forced the chief to go before them until they reached the camp. Eben Stanforth was a good soldier, and by his advice Phil had taken all due precautions. No Indians had appeared, and Phil came out to meet them. He started as he saw the chief in bonds, for it was a declaration of war, such as he had not looked for so soon.

"Kee-na-too !" he cried, in surprise.

"Yes, Kee-na-too—again insulted ; again tied up like a child. A chief of the Shawnees. But look ! Blood will run like water for this. The Indians will rise. The white man shall disappear from off the face of the land. Ah-ha ! Shawnee !"

Spencer took Phil aside, and hastily explained to him what he saw. Phil understood that Keller must have had great provocation, habitually cool as he was, to make him take this step. But, now that it was done, it was plain that no better course could have been pursued. No man in the village was as well fitted for a leader as Kee-na-too. The Shawnees would be without a head, and it would be easy to make a descent upon the settlement and take away Rena. The chief stood where they had left him, his blazing eye ranging over the band, and noting their warlike appearance. He beckoned Spencer to his side.

"Long ago I took a belt from my brother, and we said, 'Let there be peace between us.' But Kee-na-too knew that we could be better friends if we kept apart. So we said, 'When we see more than five Englishmen together in the Shawnee country, the Shawnees must dig up the hatchet.' Ah-ha ! Look at these ! What it mean ? War ?"

"It means that I want my child, and that I will have her."

"It means that blood shall flow like water. It means that scalps shall hang at Shawnee girdles, and that Kee-na-too shall have some. Is the Shawnee a dog?—or is it the great tribe, before which the other tribes tremble?"

"Will you give up Rena?" said Spencer. "Do but that, and my men shall march away. Why should we have war on account of a girl? You will find some one of your own blood among your people, when she is gone, and you will forget Rena."

"My father is a fool," said Kee-na-too, in an angry tone, "and I thought he was a wise man. Kee-na-too is not the man to forget one he loves, as a Yengee would do. Go away! You have brought fire and sword into the Shawnee land. Woe to the Indian! Woe to the Yengee, for many a drop of blood must fall."

From that time he refused to speak, though they attempted at times to get him to do so. Spencer detailed four men expressly to take charge of him, chosen for their resolute character. This done, he waited for the night. An hour before day, the band was set in motion, and marched silently down, to encompass the sleeping village. Behind them rose the huge wall of the mountain, almost impassable at this point, except by passes known to but few. Kee-na-too was left in the rear, with his guard. They feared that the chief might give some alarm which would arouse the village. The orders of Spencer were merciful. "Let all flee who would, kill none if it were possible to avoid it, and wrong no woman or child. But, chief of all, they were to seize upon Rena."

Slowly but surely, that band of determined men closed round the village. A few stray curs began to bark before they had drawn the toils securely.

"Rush on!" cried Spencer. "Those dogs will give the alarm. Forward! Double-quick! Light the torches!"

These orders were obeyed. They moved up at a rapid pace, just as the warriors, alarmed by the clamor now raised outside, began to rush from the lodges, glancing quickly about for the cause of the disturbance. Women with disheveled hair, and shrieking in dismay, ran to and fro among the lodges.

But the Shawnee braves, after the first alarm, snatched their weapons, and stood up like men, ready to die in defense of their own. High and clear above the din rose the war-cry of the Shawnee.

"Ah-ha! Ah-ha! Shawnee! Shawnee!"

That terrible cry! It sounded in many a startled settler's ear in the old colonial days. Even the determined band which Spencer Keller led, felt a thrill almost amounting to fear, at that wild sound.

"Look for her, Phil," screamed Spencer, wild with excitement. "Do the same, doctor. By Heaven, I will never forget you after this day. Ask me what you will. Charge!"

Down came the solid line of white men, with pikes glittering in the torchlight. The Shawnees answered by a shower of arrows, which glinted from morion and steel vest, or shattered into splinters upon the rivets of the armor. In vain the thinly-clad Indians stood up against their assailants. They could not get within the pikes. In the first onset they were driven back, until they had gained the cover of the lodges. Here they again made a stand, and with hatchet and knife defended themselves with such desperate valor that it was plain that mercy would not be shown.

"Give it to them, lads!" cried Spencer. "They will have it. The steel, though, nothing but the steel. There are women here. And harm them not, for your lives."

Foremost in the ranks of the assailants stood the Moor Alaric, who, with a heavy ax in his hand, was beating down the weak walls of the lodges as they came in his way. Spencer saw what he was doing, and that it was a good idea.

"Over with them. Push them down with your pikes. They are in our way."

The Shawnees, who greatly outnumbered the force of their foes; had begun to take courage. But this strange attack appalled them. They saw their lodges going down as if beneath a whirlwind, and foremost among the assailants stood that gigantic Moor, with the fierce battle-look glaring in his face, beating down a lodge-wall at every step.

"That Moor of yours is a jewel, doctor," cried Spencer, as they crossed each other for a moment. "See the lodges go down under his ax!"

"Alaric is an old soldier, and loves the battle as some men love a festival," replied the doctor. "Push on."

The Indians, beginning to be demoralized, broke up into groups, still fighting desperately. The design of Keller was to push his way as soon as possible to the center of the village, in which he thought to find his daughter. At last the lodge was reached, and, dashing open the curtain, he ran in. Rena was there indeed, but she stood in an opening which she had broken down in the wall of the lodge, with her child in her arms.

"Do not fly from me, my child," said Spencer. "All this is for your sake."

"Go back and boast of it," she answered. "Tell it among your people that you came upon a friendly village with fire and sword, while they slept the sleep of peace."

"But, Rena—"

"Away. I will not listen. I am the wife of Kee-na-too. I am a Shawnee. I hate my English blood."

"Mad girl, you shall not have your own way in this," cried Keller. "I must take you by force, I see."

He darted forward to seize her, but she slipped through the opening in the wall and darted into the midst of a crowd of women and children who were huddled together, just behind the line of warriors. They received her with cries of joy, for they thought she had fallen into the hands of the English. Coming suddenly upon the warriors, who had interposed to cover the flight of Rena, Spencer recoiled for a moment, and then, shouting to the doctor to come to his aid, he sprung at the warriors, sword in hand.

Hearing his cry, the doctor and Phil, followed by the Moor, ran to his assistance. The Indians could not stand for a moment against a band like that. They were scattered to the four winds. At the same moment the other bands began to fall back, and broke up still more.

The Moor, actuated by what spirit it is impossible to say, had determined on the death of Rena. The doctor had forgotten his revenge. *He* would not. Dashing into the band of frightened women, who fled in every direction, the savage Moor made directly in pursuit of the chief's wife, whom he saw, holding her child in her arms. She fled, but not rapidly

enough for escape. The heavy feet of the pursuer sounded in her ear, and she was thinking of turning to oppose him with what force she could, when a beam of light seemed to flash by her, followed by a war-cry which she knew. It was the voice of her husband! The beam of light was an arrow, which struck the Moor in the breast.

"Ah-ha! Shawnee!" cried Kee-na-too.

The Moor reeled, and plucked wildly at the arrow. But it was set too firmly, and he could not wrest it away. He felt that he had his death-wound. Whirling his ax above his head, he darted at the mother and child. The weapon seemed to quiver in its descent, when the hatchet of Kee-na-too gleamed again. Down went the Moor, dead before he touched the ground. Shouting his war-cry, the chief now advanced to encourage his men, commanding his wife to keep behind.

A word will explain the escape of Kee-na-too. The men left to guard him, eager to view the battle, had approached too near; he had broken his bonds and escaped, appearing opportunely to save his wife.

The doctor and Spencer Keller beholding him, with a parting rush broke up the party which opposed their onward progress and rushed at him. But, at his rallying cry, many of the faint-hearted came back, and the battle began to rage again with redoubled fury. The bows twanged, the arrows flew and rattled against the steel safe-guards of the white men, only to fall broken to the ground. But, they fought on with a courage worthy of a better fate, incited by the hand and voice of their loved leader, as, shouting that terrible battle-cry, and heaving aloft the ax he had torn from the dead hand of the Moor, he fought in the foremost rank. All at once Spencer was conscious that a new man fought beside him, and he was surprised to see that it was Braxton, who regarded him with a cynical look.

"Do not think it is for your sake I do this," he cried. "But, I will one day be the head of the family, and its honor is as dear to me as to you. Besides, all the mischief is done, and I hate the chief."

"I ask not your aid," said Spencer, haughtily.

"You have it, nevertheless. You may need it before

the strife is over. Peril of my life, see yonder Indian fight!"

As he spoke he pointed to Kee-na-too, who at that moment had opposed his giant strength to that of Eben Stanforth, who, with his heavy sword, had suddenly attacked him. These two had met before, and the Indian had a certain respect for the bull-headed courage of his opponent. What was he in the hands of Kee-na-too? His guard was broken down, his head-piece shattered, and he was stretched senseless on the sod.

"Strike hard, boys," shouted Spencer, as he saw his trusty henchman fall. "On, and avenge Eben Stanforth. There he lies before you in his blood."

With this incentive to fight, they stepped over the body of Eben and charged. The Indians could not withstand the furious onset. Borne backward, step by step, they still fought on. A soldier detached himself from the party of whites and rushed forward to seize Rena. Kee-na-too saw the act, and with blazing eyes sprung upon the unfortunate man, and stretched him a livid corpse at his feet. Then, looking back, he saw that the whites were between him and his band.

His mind was made up. He knew that Spencer Keller wished no harm to his men, if he could capture her. He called to Rena to run, and lifting the child in her arms, she plunged into a deep defile which led into the mountains. A place of peril, but which she knew by heart. Kee-na-too covered her retreat. Spencer saw the flight.

"To me, Egbert; to *me*, Conroy! You also, Doctor Boyle. See; he escapes!"

The other savages were now flying in every direction, and offered no opposition. Kee-na-too answered by a shout of defiance and sent arrow after arrow whizzing down toward them, until his wife was in the defile. Then he disappeared, and they hurried after. When they next caught sight of him he was some distance up the mountain side, aiding Rena in passing up the rocky way. Spencer called to him to surrender, but he deigned no reply. A shelf of rock rose above his head. He took Rena in his arms, and lifted her so that she could step upon the ledge, and secure a footing. He

clambered after her. The place where they stood was a flat rock from behind which a path swept round the mountain, and led down the slope upon the other side. A stunted tree grew out of a crevice in the rocky wall, which overlooked the vale below, and guarded the narrow path by which he had come and which was blind to the pursuers.

"Stop," cried Kee-na-too. "White man, are you not satisfied with what you have done? My people have fallen by the edge of the sword, and I have fled with all I have left in the world. Turn back then, sons of the white man, and go to your own land."

"I may not turn back without my child," shouted back Spencer. "I must have her."

Rena had sunk down exhausted at the feet of her husband, in a little natural cavity which appeared in the face of the wall, where she was sheltered from danger of any random bullet. She saw her husband place his knee against the tree, and raise his hand to draw an arrow from his quiver. She echoed his cry of horror and rage. But one shaft remained! Only one, to defend himself against all his assailants. After the first cry, his face expressed nothing but stolid indifference, and he looked significantly at the ax at his feet. Let them come! Unless they shot him down, he would yet save the mother and her child.

They found the path and came rushing up the mountain side. Braxton Keller had joined them, and as they ran up the slope was seen to keep a pistol in his hand. Spencer ran in front, Doctor Boyle next, Braxton third. As they neared the rock they saw Kee-na-too draw the bowstring to his ear. The last arrow! His only hope. Rena could not see at whom he was aiming. If she had known it was her father, would she have stayed his arm? The white wife of the chief whom Cooper depicted so beautifully in the "Wept of Wish-ton-Wish" did not love her Indian husband better, or would have been more willing to die at his side.

With one knee pressed hard against the little tree, his bright eyes flashing along the line of the last arrow, the bold chieftain thrown out and the whole body slightly inclined, Kee-na-too looked like the statue of some Greek hero, in the days when Hercules and Ajax did their work in the land. Spencer

could not help uttering an admiring cry. Just then a pistol cracked, and the arrow glanced from the string. Aimed with a steady hand it went true to its mark. Spencer felt it strike against the polished steel of his corslet, and turning at a yell of pain, he saw Doctor Boyle lying bleeding on the sod, and his brother staggering like a drunken man, with the head of the arrow protruding from his breast, a pistol smoking in his hand.

Kee-na-too's eagle eye swept over the scene, and a smile of triumph gleamed upon his face. The last arrow had done its work well; he had punished the man who had been the first cause of all this wrong.

He did not move from his position on the rock, and his onward course was for a moment stayed to see the result of the shot. Braxton was staggering madly up and down, when pain seemed to overcome him, and he bounded like a demon up the slope, and seized the chief in his arms, while he plunged a knife into his body with cries of revenge. But his strength would not suffice him, and the two fell from the platform, to the rock at the feet of the astounded men. Braxton was dead before he touched the ground. Rena sprung from her place of concealment, and raised her husband's head upon her knee. The little child, unnoticed, crawled about on the sod.

With an effort the chief raised himself upon his elbow, and looked upon the faces which grouped about him, in every one of which much pity and some self-condemnation appeared.

"It is done," he said. "The chief goes home to the happy hunting-grounds of his people. Rena, look me in the face. I have loved you, lily of the pale-faces. I have loved you, snow-bird. But go back to your people. They will make you happy, when I am forgotten, in the grave they will make for me."

Rena answered only by a gasping sob, and a glance at the dead form of Braxton Keller.

"You will go with your father, and he will be kind to you, for he loves you. He will be kind to the child for my sake. Lift up the boy; I would see his face."

She put the face of the child close to his, and the dying father whispered something in his infant ears.

"I have told him to remember," he muttered, with a ghastly smile, as if the child could understand. "Is Boyle dead?"

"Going," said a feeble voice. "Forgive me, chief."

"All forgive; die at peace. Good-by, Rena. Now let the white men gather round me, and I will show them how a Shawnee chief can die."

And, rolling out his death-song in a voice strong almost to the last, the noble chief passed away, and Rena remained sitting with his head upon her knees. They turned for a moment to Doctor Boyle.

"He is gone," said the doctor. "The gallant man died like a chief, and I am near my end. Before I go I have something to say. I have hated you, Spencer Keller. You remember the lad in Tunis who escaped with the Moorish prince? I was that lad. I was proud of my handsome figure, and that unlucky shot ruined me forever. I swore to be revenged. But God knows best, and since I have thought of it coolly, I believe you could do no less."

"Who was the Moor?"

"The Prince—Ibram Paschal. He followed you as I did, for revenge. How has it ended? He lies dead yonder and here I lie. Whatever I have, I give to the child yonder, whose mother I have wronged. Good-by all. I shall not sleep less peacefully because my burial-place is a mountain glen. Braxton Keller has his vengeance now."

There lay the three men who had loved and hated each other in their day, side by side. They made their graves in the glen. When they came to lift the body of the chief, Rena rose, and taking the infant in her arms, followed them to the place where they made the grave of her husband. Her father, with a look of unutterable love and tenderness, took her in his arms. But she struggled away from him to look once more upon the cold, set face.

"Liest thou there, my chief, cold and dead? Light a fire at his feet, that he may not linger too long on the borders of the river."

They laid his bow and quiver by his side and wrapped him in a blanket. Then they covered the remains of the others. Spencer did not look upon the face of his brother,

who might have been a good and happy man. When their sad work was done, they returned to the village to perform the sad rites to the departed there.

And then, not like a triumphant party, but with down-cast looks, they marched away. Rena looked back from the mountain side, with longing eyes toward the grave where her chief lay at rest, and clasped the infant closer to her breast.

Time, which works wonders with all things, healed the wounded heart of Rena, and she became light-hearted and happy again. Her boy was trained up by the best masters of the day, and never knew that Indian blood flowed in his veins until fate showed it to him, in an hour when he never dreamed of it. Long before that time, Rena was the wife of Egbert Swayne. But never, in her days of calm happiness which followed, did she forget the terrible episode in her life, when her brave chief poised the last arrow upon the mountain side.

Phil Conroy outstripped his other competitors and married Ada Keller, much to the joy of Eben Stanforth, whose hard head withstood even the blow Kee-na-too dealt him, and who lived to a good old age, and died regretted by all.

As for the half-breed son of Rena, he has a history, apart from that of his parents, which is yet on record in the legends of Virginia.

THE END.

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